MACLEAN'S

FEBRUARY 15 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

HOW THE NEW U.S. GOVERNMENT WILL AFFECT CANADA
By BLAIR FRASER

THE HOUSEWIFE WHO WAS A SPY

KARSH PHOTOGRAPHS HALIFAX



More Beauty in Meteor's advanced styling—massive new "gull wing" grille—new rectangular parking lamps—new fender "windsplits"—new, lower silhouette





More Visibility through Meteor's massive "wrap-around" rear window, curved to blend with flowing rear-end body lines. Meteor's total glass area—3310 sq. ins.!

More Convenience with "Centre Fill" fuelling—you can pull in either side of gas pumps. This trend-setting feature enhances body styling, increases trunk space.





More Driving Ease with easy-action pendant pedals for better leverage for braking, smoother clutch action. More foot room—more comfort. No draughty floor holes.

More Thrilling Power with Meteor's 120-Hp "Fury" V-8 engine for-most in Customline and Crestline models. Brilliant thrifty 110-Hp V-8 engine in Mainline models.





More Riding Comfort than ever before. Greatly improved "ride system" gives cushioned comfort that sets an entirely new standard of safer, quieter, smoother riding!

new 1953 Meteor

MORE OF EVERYTHING...



White sidewall tires and chrome wheel trim rings optional at extra cost

MOST FOR YOU!

BE MILES AHEAD WITH meteor

Now see the new '53 Meteor! Here is the most advanced styling of any car in the low price field. Here are *miles ahead* features for unexcelled riding comfort, outstanding performance, and true pride of ownership. Here's a supreme power thrill with Meteor's V-8 engine—built by the company which, in the past 20 years, has produced more V-8 engines than all other makers combined. You have the choice of More-O-Matic Drive, Touch-O-Matic Overdrive (both optional at extra cost) or Silent Ease Standard Transmission. Truly the new '53 Meteor offers more of everything—*most for you!*

FOR YOUR ROAD TEST SEE YOUR meteor DEALER





suppose

LEATHER

were just

invented!







Suppose leather were just invented by some great Canadian research laboratory. What would be the effect on your life?

Your feet would sigh with relief — you would enjoy shoes that last and last, made of a natural material — shoes that are flexible for comfort — that breathe health to your skin — that keep their shape and appearance longer.

Your life would be richer — you would know the joy that comes from the pride of possessing a host of personal leather articles of enduring beauty — in clothing—handbags, wallets, belts, gloves and luggage.

Your home would take on charm — you would know the pleasure of superb, lasting luxury in furniture upholstery.

Talk about "miracle" materials—leather is granddaddy of them all.

And that is why consumers who want the "real thing" insist upon leather. Why people who want a better standard of *quality*—who want to get more without paying more—buy leather.

LEATHER INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA



SPONSORED BY THE TANNERS ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

EDITORIAL

THE DEMOCRATIC ART OF HECKLING

LAST MONTH Mr Bruce Hutchison, in an article about Canadian politics in an American magazine took note that Canada never manages to generate either the anger, the excitement or the exaltation of American elections "

Said Mr Hutchison "The Canadian, a subarctic specimen, prefers his politics served cold "

This particular subarctic specimen would like to record a dissent Heaven knows it is true that we get our politics served cold and not cold like a glass of pop either but cold like the soup at a service club lunch It certainly isn't true that we prefer it that way On the contrary, any politician willing and able to serve it hot will have an excellent chance of winning our vote

We would also take exception though to Mr Hutchison's implication that the model of this improvement is to be found in the United States. Politics may be tepid in this country in the U S it is deep-frozen, wrapped in Celtophane and produced in Technicolor

For a cheaper and better way to liven up our politics we should look to our other relatives the British They still know how to heckle

In Canada the minute handful of people who go to political meetings at all go only to support their own party It's a personal favor, to give good old Joe 'a good turnout " There they sit, drowsing through the expected platitudes and applauding at the expected moments Anyone who interrupts is indignantly shushed, if not thrown out hadily

In Britain fifteen months ago, when Nye Bevan was to speak in a small school hall in Reading, people had to queue up by six o'clock to get into a meeting that started at eight thirty Nevertheless the very front row was packed with militant Tories who fidgeted through the brief set speech as they impatiently waited for the real fun of the evening the question period

Of course it was organized both parties send out teams to heckle opponents but it isn't the organized booing and clamorous thuggery that occasionally disgrace a Canadian meeting These people are thoroughly briefed in the most embarrassing questions, schooled in the art of packing the impact of a twenty minute speech into a single interrogative sentence And the speakers enjoy it as much as the audience does

As a minor byproduct this system solves the whole problem of ghost-writing In Britain the ghost can't walk, for the speaker uses no text There is no point in handing out a mimeographed release to the Press when every reporter knows that his lead will probably come from the audience (Old fashioned as it may seem British reporters take short hand notes at political meetings.)

This is democracy it seems to us When you get right down to it what's the difference between a Reichstag *Ja* vote and the docile disciplined applause of a Canadian political rally? Why do we have to sit there and let our politicians get away with the half truths, the fragile evasions, the grotund hyperbole that are standard equipment of every party's campaign oratory?

But it isn't the politicians' fault not altogether They are probably just as bored as we are It's for us the voters to put an end to this fatuous nonsense

Let's all make a resolution before the 1953 campaign begins This time I will go to the meetings of the party I don't like This time, I will not let doubletalk go by This time, I will demand that every speaker fill in the gaps in his argument

It could make a hot summer for the politicians of all parties. But if they had a chance to try it, they might like it too—

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Ken Johnstone



Chenoweth Hall

Ken Johnstone, who describes the tragic impact of the Louisville strike on page 18, is big and brawny When he arrived in the town, strikers and other citizens mistook him for a detective and wouldn't talk to him until he produced credentials to prove he wasn't After that, they poured out their troubles In spite of his imposing size and strength, Johnstone is an authority on ballet in Canada and is married to Elizabeth Leese a dancer well known to stage and television audiences in Montreal **Chenoweth Hall**, author of The Forty-Inch Panhandler (page 18) is a Kentuckian transplanted to Maine Trained as a musician she switched to painting From art she leaped into literature Besides short stories she has to her credit one published novel, The Crow on The Sparrow, and has just completed another With assist from **Richard Harrington**, who is noted for his camera studies of Arctic subjects, enabled Oscar to produce this issue's cover without stirring from his home a few miles from Toronto. Harrington provided the photograph on which Oscar based his painting. He also provided the information that the Eskimo's name is Oolie that he's an expert char jigger

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Ralph Allen — Editor
Pierre Berton — Managing Editor
Leslie T Hannon — Associate Editor
Blair Fraser — Ottawa Editor

Art Director: Gene Aliman Assistant Promotion Manager
Assistant Editors: Fred Bodsworth, N O Bousfield, Sidney Katz, Boyd MacDonald, Barbara Moon, McKenzie Porter, Lotta Silcoulers, Isabel Tyrwhitt
Editorial Assistants: Joan Weatherwood, Jean Yeck, Lois Harrison.

Douglas M Gowdy — Business Manager
Hall Linton — Advertising Manager
B Wm Sykes — Advertising Promotion Manager
Gordon V Loughton — Circulation Director
R Douglas Myles — Circulation Manager
R. Napier Moore — Editorial Director Madeleine Hester

CONTENTS

Vol. 66 FEBRUARY 15 1952 No 4

Cover: Isolated By Oscar

Picture Essay

KARSH PHOTOGRAPHS THE FACE OF CANADA: HALIFAX — 10 11 12 13 14 15

Articles

HOW THE NEW U S GOVERNMENT WILL AFFECT CANADA, Blair Fraser — 7
WHAT THE STRIKE DID TO LOUISEVILLE, Ken Johnstone — 18
SONIA WAS A SPY, McKenzie Porter — 20
WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT GLASSES? Bell Celley — 22
UNQUOTABLE IS THE WORD FOR ABBIE, David MacDonald — 24
THE COCKY KING OF THE SKI SLOPES, Alexander Leese — 26

Fiction

THE FORTY INCH PANHANDLER Chenoweth Hall — 18

Departments

EDITORIAL — 2
LONDON LETTER Beverley Baxter — 4
BACKSTAGE AT WASHINGTON Blair Fraser — 5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES, Conducted by Clyde Gilmour — 28
CANADIANECDOTE Always a Waffle at the Door — 34
WIT AND WISDOM — 71
MAILBAG — 72
PARADE — 76

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By Miller Jones 4] World Wide [7 9] Karsh [10 15] Canada Wide [18] Maclean Staff [18 17] Dana Bell [17 20 21] Ian Trevail [17] Studio Cote [17] Edward A Belliveau [24 25] Federal Newsphoto of Canada [25] Sue Vickery News Bureau [28], Jan Brandon [28]

Characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Maclean's are imaginary. Contrib may not be published without permission of manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by sufficient postage and sufficient postage for their return. The publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript. All dramatic and literary rights and authorized reproduction by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Ltd 164 1245 Peel Street, Montreal 1 Canada

EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES
481 University Avenue Toronto 2 Canada

MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED
Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean
HORACE T HUNTER, Chairman of the Board
FLOYD S CHALMERS, President
DONALD F BRITNAIR, Vice-President and Manager, Montreal Office
THOMAS H HOUSSE, Vice-President and Treasurer
KENNETH PETTIGREW, Vice-President
GREAT BRITAIN: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Wellington House, 125 Strand, London, W C 2

Single copies 25c Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year $3.00, 2 years $5.00, 3 years $7.00, 5 years $10.00 Other U S and other countries $4.00 per year

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Contents Copyright, 1952 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited



New Metro R 195 Roadliner and Metro B 110 pickup

Best in 45 years...

NEW INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

The Most Complete Line of Trucks in Canada . . . Built as Only IH Can Build 'Em!

The New International line is built for experienced truck buyers who consider all costs and must have top performance It includes 168 basic models, from the 3/4-ton pickup to extra heavy-duty off highway models.

Built the IH way Every new model regardless of size, embodies the same engineering principles that have kept International the leader in heavy-duty truck sales for 21 straight years.

Laboratory proved Many of the 307 new features in this line have been designed, developed and proved in the world's most advanced truck Engineering Laboratory These features have been road-proved on International Harvester's 4000-acre Proving Grounds.

Good news for truck buyers The new International line offers an unmatched combination of values — exactly the right truck for the job, unequalled performance lowest maintenance and operating costs and maximum driver comfort. It is the finest truck line International has offered in 45 years of truck manufacturing See the new Internationals at your nearest International Dealer or Branch.

Now . . . All the Features You've Always Wanted in a Truck

New International styling identified by the IH emblem *Exactly the right power* for every job. First truck builder to offer choice of gasoline or LP gas with Underwriters Laboratories listing in 1½ ton sizes and other models Diesel power optional in models rated 22,000 lbs. and over *Designed by drivers for drivers* Comfo Vision cab with one-piece Sweep sight windshield New comfort and interior styling *Steel-flex frames* proved best in the field *Transmission* to meet any operating requirements *200 Wheel bases* ranging from 102 inches up *Easy starting and greater fuel economy* Wide range of axle ratios for all models *Rust inhibiting coolant and control* GVW ratings from 4,200 to 50,000 lbs.

International Trucks are made in Canada at International Harvester's Chatham Ontario Works

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

International Harvester Builds McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors Motor Trucks Industrial Power Refrigerators for Home and Farm

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Standard of the Highway



What about your heart?

Practically no other part of the body has been studied as intensively as the heart. Today new techniques are being developed to reveal more and more facts about how the human heart works.

A great deal has been learned about the sources of energy which enable the heart to perform its Herculean task. The heart must drive five to ten tons of blood through the arteries and veins every day—365 days a year—for the 68 years of the average individual's lifetime. In this period the amount of blood pumped may reach the impressive total of 250,000 tons. Moreover, the heart must function continuously—resting only a fraction of a second between beats.

Studies in the diagnosis and treatment of heart disease have also led to improvements in the interpretation of heart murmers, electrocardiograms and X-ray photographs of the heart and blood vessels. In addition these studies have brought about a better understanding of the action of heart drugs so that they may now be used with greater benefit to patients. Many other advances have also helped make it possible for doctors to diagnose and treat heart trouble more effectively now than ever before.

Encouraging as this progress has been the fact remains that heart disease is still the leading cause of death. It is wise for everyone to take certain simple precautions to protect the heart so that it may continue to do its job as one grows older. Here are some of them:

1. Do not wait for the appearance of symptoms that may indicate heart trouble—shortness of breath, rapid or irregular heart beat, pain in the chest—before seeing a doctor. It is wiser to arrange now—while you are feeling well—to have a thorough health check-up. Such check-ups often reveal heart disorders in their earliest stages when the chances for control—and possibly cure—are best. It is wise to have a complete health examination *every year*—or as often as the doctor recommends.

2. Keep your weight down. Excess pounds tax both the heart and the blood vessels. Doctors are now stressing the importance of diet in the treatment of various heart and blood vessel disorders. For example restricted diets have benefited many patients.

3. Learn to take things in your stride. Avoid hurry, pressure and emotional upsets that may be brought about by overwork, too much and too sudden physical exertion and other excesses. These can cause your heart to beat faster and put an extra burden on your circulation.

Even if heart disease should occur remember that most people who have it can live just about as other people do—*but at a slower pace*. In fact when patients follow the doctor's advice about adequate rest, weight control and the avoidance of nervous tension and strenuous physical exertion the outlook is reassuring.

Doctors can now say to many heart patients: "If you live within your heart's limitations your chances for a happy and comfortable life are good."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

A MUTUAL COMPANY

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa, Canada



Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office
Ottawa 4, Canada

Please mail me a free copy of your booklet 25-M "Your Heart."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Prov. .....

London Letter



BY *Beverley Baxter*

The Warning of High Wycombe

WHAT does a detective do when he is not being baffled? That question is always good for a laugh in an English music hall or at any rate it was until it grew rather stale. But today in Britain we are inclined to ask: What does a socialist party do when everybody is a socialist of one sort or another?

Day after day and night after night I sat in the House of Commons watching Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition work up a towering rage against Her Majesty's Government. They told us Tories we are putting back the clock. They say we are ancient relics left over from the Victorian and Edwardian eras, and that Churchill is no more than a hairy Briton wielding an axe and pausing himself in waist-deep terrify the savages.

They predict that when the delinded electorate gets its next chance to throw us out we will not only be unsubsidized but obliterated. The odd thing is that they do not really believe it and neither do we. No one knows when the next general election will take place but every now and then there is a by-election in which a constituency is able to indicate the trend of public opinion. Such a by-election occurred a few weeks ago when the sitting Tory member, W. W. Astor, was raised to the peerage by the death of his father, Lord Astor. Merely as a matter of interest I should inform you that Bill Astor's mother is the famous Nancy from down South in America.



John Hall

Bill Astor was not a very formidable MP and had only won the seat in 1951 by a majority of about two thousand. In 1945 and 1950 the constituency, which has the attractive name of High Wycombe, was held by a vigorous young socialist named John Haire, but he lost it in 1951. However, Haire was duly re-adopted for this by-election. Just to add to the historical background may I report that the great Disraeli's country house was in High Wycombe where he was three times rejected by the electors.

High Wycombe is about thirty miles northwest of London. It has one big town with a substantial furniture industry which at the time of the by-election, was suffering from a measure of unemployment. It also has fifty-two villages spread over a very large area. Lastly it is a dormitory constituency in which hundreds of businessmen go to London for their work and come back to High Wycombe to sleep. In other words this is a constituency that might well be regarded as a cross section of the nation as a whole.



John Haire

Both sides fought with every gun they could muster. Churchill sent a message of good will. Eden did a whistle-stop tour in which he turned on his charm at full voltage, and coming down the scale they sent a dozen Tory MPs—including your London correspondent—to address meetings.

Summing up the situation I reported to the Boss that we ought to win by a slightly increased majority.

Actually we won by an increased majority of about four hundred which was small enough yet significant. The socialists fought on an agreed plan. They stressed the unemployment in the furniture industry; they pictured the Tories as the party of Big Business; they denounced everybody who earned more than a thousand pounds a year as parasites living on the sweat and tears of the industrial and agricultural workers. And the verdict of High Wycombe was to send the Tory John Hall to Westminster.

To be perfectly fair I must admit that in the fight we played up the split in the Labour Party to the limit. We said that a vote for the socialist was a vote for wild man Bevan. I do not doubt that Bevanism helped us quite a lot. Yet I claim that the vote of High Wycombe was a true picture of what is going on in the minds of the British people at this moment. If it changes I pledge my word I shall report it to you without bias.

The truth is that the Labour Party of Great Britain is finding itself in the same position as motorists were in Britain in 1940 when since we were expecting an invasion by the Germans all road signs were removed. In that period I once had to *Continued on page 41*



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Washington

Ottawa Looks Pretty Stuffy From Here

CANADIANS always hear plenty about it when Washington gets on our nerves. We don't hear about it when we get on American nerves. But viewed from here, Ottawa sometimes looks as stuffy and obstructionist as Washington has looked to us during the long frustration over the St. Lawrence Seaway.

For instance a few months ago it was announced that part of the RCAF station at Goose Bay had been leased to the United States Air Force. This deal had been agreed upon in principle when the agreement on Newfoundland bases was completed, more than two years ago. Why did it take so long to get the lease signed? Americans reply: Because Ottawa kept stalling interminably for no good reason."

It is true, and Americans admit, that our previous experience with Newfoundland base administration had not been uniformly happy and that Ottawa had some cause to be wary about crossing T's and dotting I's in any document concerning it. It is true, and Americans admit, that they find it hard to understand how sensitive a smaller country especially an ex-colony like Canada can be about its own sovereignty. But even allowing for all that, it is hard to defend some of the examples that Americans cite.

Ottawa, they say, has an exaggerated fear of letting Canadians know that U.S. forces are in Canada. When pay offices were established to serve U.S. personnel at nearby radar stations, Ottawa requested that the Pay Corps men be instructed to wear civilian clothes at all times and to occupy offices as unobtrusively as possible. When Washington wanted to put a U.S. fighter squadron at Torbay, near St. John's, Nfld., Ottawa wouldn't hear of it—too near the city. People might talk.

As for the fighter squadron now established at Goose Bay, Ottawa handled that whole proposition with tongs.

Until last August the RCAF and USAF both thought a U.S. squadron would come to Goose Bay anyway. Just to make sure, one American general wrote to a friend in the RCAF who checked with External Affairs and wrote back: "Sure, come ahead."

But when cabinet heard about it there was tumult and uproar. This would require a new arrangement altogether, they said, and the new arrangement took months of what Washington regards as rather sticky negotiation in which every comma had to be cleared with Ottawa.

The U.S. squadron has been at Goose all along, but while the lease was being negotiated the U.S. flyers weren't "stationed" there, they were merely "conducting training exercises." That meant they couldn't draw allowances for service abroad. But it protected Canadian sovereignty apparently.

Funniest incident of this nature, and the one Americans most enjoy telling, concerns a U.S. Navy chief petty officer who is in charge of shore patrol in Vancouver, B.C.

Ottawa was shocked on hearing about this sinister character. What was an American shore patrol doing on Canadian soil? Who had authorized this? Why hadn't External Affairs been consulted? Would the U.S. State Department please send brilliant information immediately?

The U.S. State Department had never heard of the chief petty officer in Vancouver. *Continued on page 74*



Cartoon by Grosskk



The Loveliest Liquid Foundation of all time!

Basic Sheen

for the young luminous look

Elizabeth Arden's superlative BASIC SHEEN* in a new liquid cream foundation which gives your skin instantly the polished lustre— the most, dew-pearled sheen that is pure shining enchantment! Use it under your powder—you need only the tiniest bit to give your face a glowing young look!

*In seven radiant shades: Rachel, Natural Rose Rachel, Light Rose, Medium Rose Rachel, Deep Rose Rachel, Rosette, Bronze.

BASIC SHEEN $6.00

*For beauty in the maturing thirties, Basic Sheen is specially fortified with Estrogenic Hormones— $7.75

Elizabeth Arden

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

GOLDEN 50 Snyder's ANNIVERSARY

The "GOLDEN YEAR"
of finer furniture fashions
from Snyder's

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

HOW THE NEW U.S. GOVERNMENT



WILL AFFECT CANADA

By BLAIR FRASER
MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

WASHINGTON

LAST NOVEMBER when the United States elected Dwight Eisenhower President the gloom in Ottawa was thick enough to slice. It began before election day as the wishful thinking about Adlai Stevenson waned.

Eisenhower will win," said a senior Canadian civil servant an hour before the polls closed. "And it will be a disaster."

That was a typical comment. It was rooted in memories, still green after twenty years of what a Republican administration can be like. Under Harding and Hoover American tariff walls were made high enough to bar almost all manufactured goods. Canada had fewer factories then than now, but the indirect effect was no less severe. Our customers couldn't earn the money to buy our exports. Calvin Coolidge the silent Yankee who took over when Harding died was remembered for his comment on the war debt then bankrupting Europe. "They hired the money didn't they?"

Recent memories were equally painful. Diehard Republicans always seemed to be opposed to what we regarded as the most enlightened acts of the Roosevelt-Truman regime: from the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act of 1935 on down. It was only after all the Marshall Plan was launched by the Republican Congress of 1946-48) but most Canadians did tend to use "Republican" and "isolationist" as interchangeable terms.

Of course there were "good Republicans" like Lives of New York and Saltonstall of Massachusetts but in the main these were the younger men. Congress is ruled by seniority. It was a certainty that in a Republican Congress the powerful committees would be dominated by the Old Guard.

These forebodings have come true. The committee chairmen of the eighty-third Congress with one or two exceptions are indeed a depressing array. Nevertheless the gloom of last November far from deepening has lightened perceptibly. The gravest fear of all turned out to be groundless—the fear that Eisenhower the political neophyte, had fallen captive to Old Guard Republicanism led and personified by Senator Robert A. Taft.

Already Eisenhower has proved beyond all doubt that he is running his own show. He has done it so bluntly in some cases as to create new problems that may be serious later on but he has certainly set up an Eisenhower and not an Eisenhower-Taft Administration. Congress may look as discouraging as expected but the Administration so far looks reassuring.

A neat example of the contrast is in the field of international affairs. Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, who headed the U.S. delegation

Will the Republicans go back to isolationism and high tariffs? This frank look at the "Eisenhower men" and their Old Guard colleagues suggests that fears of a depression make radical changes unlikely

to the United Nations Assembly in the closing weeks of the 1952 session. Senator Wiley looks and sounds like a refugee from the cast of Call Me Madam. Many stories about him are told in the delegates' lounge at UN; some of them quite funny but all of them alarming.

Until a few years ago Wiley was known as an extreme isolationist. Lately and notably since he married a comely Briton he has become a valuable lip servant of international co-operation, but the faith of this convert has very strict limits. Wiley was one of the advocates of the notorious "cheese rider" to the Defence Production Act—an amendment which forced the U.S. Government to violate its own treaty obligation and bar imported cheese from the American market where it was competing with the cheese of Wisconsin.

But the man actually in charge of American foreign policy, Eisenhower's Secretary of State, is a very different sort.

Did He Double-Cross Britain?

John Foster Dulles has been either delegate or official observer at all but one United Nations Assembly since the organization was founded. He was a member of the U.S. delegation at San Francisco in 1945 when the United Nations Charter was written. He was the principal negotiator of the Japanese Peace Treaty. Thus diplomats of the free world have had a close workaday acquaintance with him for nearly eight years.

Canadians get on well with him. He has a summer place in Canada—an island he owns in the St. Lawrence River, three hundred yards inside the boundary—which may give him a certain interest in Canadian affairs and which does give him a personal relationship with the Canadian Government. He and Mike Pearson are on first name terms (Dulles is called Foster—not John) and he is also well acquainted with several other members of the present Canadian cabinet.

Not all Foreign Offices are enthusiastic about the new Secretary of State. The British dislike Dulles because they think he double-crossed them in Japan. The understanding was that the Japanese were to have free choice of which Chinese Government they would recognize. Japan chose Chiang Kai-shek. The British are convinced that Dulles exerted pressure on Prime Minister Yoshida to make a decision which Britain regards as idiotic.

"At least one allied government," said a Washington columnist, "will now want to have everything not only in writing but notarized."

Even Dulles' admirers concede that he has a caustic streak. Despite a lifelong association with piety he has sometimes employed undesirable means to reach a desired end (e.g., the campaign of rather startling invective by which he tried to win a New York Senate seat from Herbert H. Lehman). Friends also admit he has a rather chill and forbidding personality; though even his critics admire his penetrating intelligence.

But, aside from personal pros and cons, Dulles' appointment was reassuring because Dulles has been a maker of American policy for years. He has strong views, but they are known; strong criticisms of his own country's position, but they are often the same criticisms voiced or inwardly felt, by other nations of the Western alliance.

To cite the most important example: Dulles thinks General MacArthur's decision to drive for the Yalu River in Korea, two years ago last October, was a disastrous mistake. This opinion is shared by all other allied governments and by many individuals in the outgoing American administration. U.S. diplomats used all the time with every appearance of sincerity, that the intention was to go no farther north than the narrow "waist" of the Korean peninsula, the nearest tenable line of defense.

Dulles' friends say he would adopt this view and make it the means of breaking the Korean deadlock. He thinks it is essential, they say, to provide a specific and final objective in Korea—and this could be it. Push forward to the "waist" by force of arms, but stop there; proclaim that, as far as the United Nations are concerned, this southern two-thirds of the peninsula shall be Korea. That would relieve China of the perfectly genuine threat of hostile bases on her Manchurian border and would (Dulles thinks) be a reasonable basis for permanent peace.

Whether any such scheme will ever emerge as official U.S. policy is a matter of pure speculation. Obviously it would not please the "China Lobby," the Syngman Rhee Government in South Korea or the men who echo their views in the United States.

One friend of Dulles recently said quite seriously: "It wouldn't surprise me if in a year's time Foster is just as unpopular as Dean Acheson was—and for much the same reasons."

Meanwhile though Dulles is in charge. Congressional "wild men" who would risk a major war on the Chinese mainland to restore Chiang Kai-shek to Peking will have little or no influence on American policy. (Indeed, some of them have toned down remarkably since they have been in power instead of in Opposition.) The broad outlines and objectives of that policy will remain the same.

The outlook for international trade is less encouraging because here the primary power lies with Congress. Tariff laws originate in the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. Its chairman is Daniel Reed of New York, who is starting his thirty-fifth consecutive year as a Congressman and who stands firmly abreast of Herbert Hoover, or perhaps of William McKinley. Reed is one of the few Republicans left in Congress who personally voted for the Fordney-McCumber tariff law in 1922 and the Hawley-Smoot tariff in 1930.

In the Senate tariff laws go to the Finance Committee chaired by Senator Eugene Milliken of Colorado. Milliken is one of the oldest men in the Senate—a bald pale man of owlish appearance and rasping voice, but formidable. He has a narrow but singularly tough and tenacious mind and real talent for debate. I remember hearing him speak for a crippling amendment of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act in the Republican Congress of 1946-48, and his performance was disconcertingly good.

Milliken is a protectionist. He believes quite sincerely and consistently in protecting the American producer and letting the rest of the world take care of itself. Slogans like "Trade, Not Aid" cut no ice with Senator Milliken.

To questioners Milliken has a pat and plausible answer. "I'm in favor of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act with the 'peril point' escape clause.' This is Milliken's own amendment permitting tariff increases whenever an American producer is threatened by foreign competition. It is pretty difficult to increase sales in the United States without threatening some domestic product, but Milliken says quite bluntly that trade will be limited by the interests of the domestic producer and that there's no use talking about vast increases in U.S. sales to solve the dollar shortage in western countries.

On the Administration side they admit, quite frankly, that prospects for removal of trade barriers are not bright in a Republican Congress. But the Administration's own attitude is sympathetic. American critics have described the Eisenhower cabinet as "eight millionaires and a plumber," and it is true that Eisenhower has drawn heavily on Big Business. It is not true that he has drawn from the ranks of reactionaries.

Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense, has been president of General Motors. General Motors at Wilson's instigation was the first big company to sign a labor contract with a cost-of-living escalator clause and a bonus for increased productivity. General Motors has a world-wide business and is keenly aware of the importance of world trade. Just after the election the Detroit Board of Commerce issued a formal resolution urging the U.S. to abandon all tariffs and trade restrictions and to adopt free trade. Wilson is a leading figure in Detroit.

"He's a soft-spoken version of C. D. Howe," said a Canadian who knows Wilson fairly well. Neither man would likely object to the comparison, because they ... several years.

Like Howe, Wilson considers himself a production man and probably, like Howe, will find his patience sorely tried by politicians. Shortly before the inauguration he visited Washington to confer with his predecessor as Defense Secretary, Robert Lovett. He asked how Lovett apportioned his working time. To Wilson's horror, Lovett said he had to spend more than half his time dealing with Congress and only about ten percent of it dealing with straight production problems.

So there is some doubt about Wilson's aptitude for the wholly new business of handling politicians. There is none about his executive ability or his attitude toward other countries.

Equally pleasing to the few Canadians who had ever heard of him beforehand was George M. Humphrey's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury. Canada has one special reason for being glad. Humphrey is perhaps the strongest backer in the whole United States of the St. Lawrence Seaway project. He is president of the M. A. Hanna Company which put up most of the money for the Labrador iron-ore development.

Steel and coal operators remember Humphrey as the man who "stepped out of line" and paid a wage increase demanded by the United Mine Workers a few years ago because, as he explained to indignant competitors, "we've got to get production going." A publicity-shy man who belongs to few organizations and has few public activities, he has been active in the Committee for Economic Development. The CED is the voice of business liberalism in the United States, as the National Association of Manufacturers is the voice of conservatism.

Humphrey was originally described as "the Taft man" in the Eisenhower cabinet—apparently because he comes from Ohio where almost all businessmen are supporters of Senator Taft. Then it turned out that Taft knew nothing about Humphrey's appointment and didn't much like it. To many people, this too was a recommendation for Humphrey—it helped to allay fears that Eisenhower had surrendered to Taft at that famous breakfast in the Eisenhower home during the election campaign.

Taft at Boiling Point

But the classic demonstration of Eisenhower's independence was another appointment—one which might otherwise have attracted little or no attention.

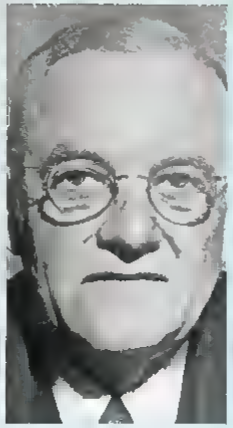
Martin P. Durkin, the new Secretary of Labor, is a plumber. Of late years he has been national president of the plumbers' union, which entitled him to a luxurious paneled office and a salary high enough to support a house in the well-to-do Washington suburb Chevy Chase. But he started life as a working plumber, two of his sons are practising that craft in suburbs of Washington today—and Durkin himself puts on no airs. He has never been prominent in labor disputes but has made his way by speaking softly, finding compromises, smoothing over difficulties. He was perhaps the least known of top-ranking labor leaders in the U.S.

Eisenhower didn't know him either, but he needed a Roman Catholic to balance his cabinet. Eisenhower had already decided to go back to the old Republican custom of choosing the Secretary of Labor from labor's own ranks. He would have liked a labor leader who was also a Republican but no such person could be found. Durkin was a moderate, relatively inactive Democrat. He was respectable and he was a Roman Catholic. He got the job.

Senator Taft boiled over. "An incredible appointment," he said in a formal statement to the Press. Al Eisenhower's request he had submitted a list of suggestions for the various cabinet posts, not one of which had been followed. But this choice of a Democrat who had openly supported Adlai Stevenson, and openly opposed the Taft-Hartley labor law, struck Mr. Republican" as political lunacy.

Continued on page 68

EISENHOWER'S CABINET CHOICES REASSURED MANY WORRIED CANADIANS



JOHN FOSTER DULLES

Dulles, Secretary of State, gets on well with Canadians but is disliked by the British. He is expected to restrain the Republican "wild men." Wilson, the new Secretary of Defense, former GM president, is keenly interested in world trade.



CHARLES E. WILSON



MARTIN P. DURKIN

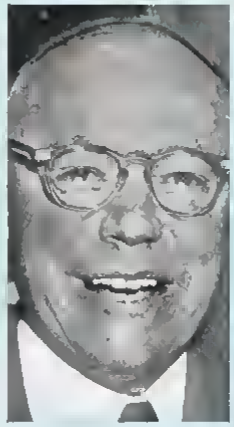
Durkin, Secretary of Labor, is a Democrat under a leader. Taft called his choice "incredible." The appointment was perfect evidence of Ike's independence.



GEORGE M. HUMPHREY

Now Secretary of the Treasury, Humphrey is Liberal, a backer of the Seaway.

IN CONGRESS POWERFUL OLD GUARDSMEN MAY DILUTE IKE'S GOOD WILL



ROBERT A. TAFT

Taft, as leader of the Senate, can exert his influence on any legislation. He offered Eisenhower a slate of cabinet choices—not one made the grade. Any new tariff laws will go through Sen. Milliken, known as a strict protectionist.



EUGENE MILLIKEN

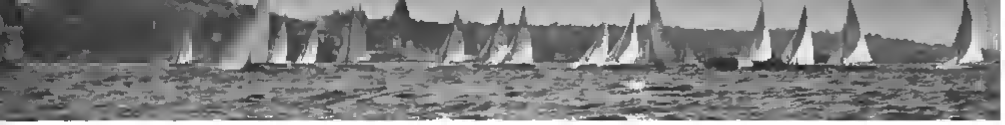


DANIEL REED

Reed, congressman for thirty-five years, heads vital Ways and Means Committee. He voted for tariff laws of 1922 and 1930. Wiley is new chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee. He used to be an extreme isolationist.



ALEXANDER WILEY



Bluenoses, with their seafaring history, love snowy canvas and a spanking breeze. The Royal Halifax Yacht Squadron is a proud Nova Scotia institution

Karsh's Halifax

Warden of the Atlantic

Sea and war have shaped the destiny of Nova Scotia's salty old capital which stands guard over shipping lanes

IN HALIFAX, Yousuf Karsh felt the heartbeat of a city in the surging of the sea. Avoiding the more obvious loftiness of Nova Scotia's two-hundred-year-old capitol such as its graceful colonial government and university buildings, the famous photographer spent days prowling happily up and down the waterfront. He was fascinated by the constant movement and the ever-changing play of light and shadow on the face of the busy harbor. Passenger liners, glamorous ocean queens, came and went as he watched. So did tramp steamers. Warships passed, grey and formidable, and submarines idled on the surface like sharks basking in the sun. Trawlers in from the banks, disgorged their catches of silvery cod and flounders while white gulls circled overhead. Sailing yachts scudded by and tugboats strained and puffed at their endless chores. To Karsh, all this symbolized Halifax the story of which is essentially a story of the sea. Unlike cities which owe their existence to farm, forest or mineral wealth or to manufacturing skills, Halifax was sired by a natural harbor big enough to shelter half the world's shipping. On the Nova Scotia peninsula, well out in the Atlantic the basin controls the principal navigation routes between Europe and North America. British military policy dictated the establishment of a settlement at this vital spot and Halifax has ever since exerted an influence on history. A fortress which has become a seat of government and higher education, Halifax is also a trading and industrial centre, a busy Maritime metropolis. Karsh doffed his black felt hat to its cultural traditions and its enterprise but found its heart on the waterfront.

Author Thomas H. Raddall often writes of Nova Scotia's past, so Karsh photographed him on historic Citadel Hill. The old clock has ticked since 1803.





A century ago Nova Scotians built a wooden fleet which carried their fish and lumber around the world. Now, adapting old skills to a new age, they fashion steel naval vessels.



Seadogs of the Atlantic

Nelson's finest traditions still shine brightly at a naval base that changed Canada's history

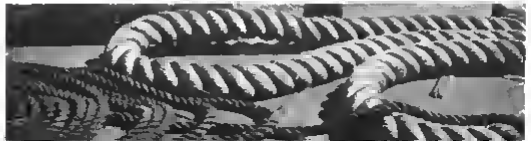


Karsh caught Captain Patrick Budge, commander of HMCS Quebec in a characteristic pose under the cruiser's big guns. Budge has spent his life in the navy



"Nelson's Blood," strong dark rum, is an old routinal tradition. Here Karsh records the look of happy anticipation that spreads over the faces of sailormen as they line up to draw their daily ration from an oak nask and toast the Queen in true navy fashion

IN PEACE as in war Halifax is crowded with sailors, for the old port city is the chief naval base on Canada's Atlantic coast. In the Dockyard, Yeoman Karsh watched tars coiling ropes, polishing guns, scrubbing decks, lining up for rum rations. Other tars had done those same things in this same place in momentous times when Halifax was changing history. One of these times was when Halifax was the springboard of Britain's campaigns to defeat the French in North America. Another was when Halifax was the only strong fort preventing George Washington's forces from overrunning what is now Canada. A third was when Halifax was a cannon pointed at New England in the War of 1812. More recently in two world wars Halifax has been the great convoy port on this side of the Atlantic. Karsh breathed the atmosphere of the ancient Dockyard, was moved by the proud spirit of our seafighters and captured his impressions with his perceptive and imaginative lens.





The navy of today doesn't need wooden figureheads



At the fish wharves of Halifax the good things of the sea are landed by schooners and trawlers which reap a rich harvest in Nova Scotia waters.

Harvesters of the Atlantic

Taday, as for two centuries past, rugged Bluenose fishermen outfit their ships and land their catches at Halifax

HALIFAX is more than a naval base, more than a gateway for Canada's imports and exports, more than a shipbuilding centre. As one of the great fishing ports of the Atlantic coast it helps feed the world. A rich harvest of cod, flounder, halibut, haddock and other species pours over the city's wharves to be smoked, salted or frozen in sprawling processing plants and sent off to markets in half a hundred countries. On the waterfront, where so many of the eighty-six thousand people of Halifax earn their living, trawlers and schooners from the fishing grounds lie between warships and luxury liners with famous names, and fish-skinners in work stained clothing rub elbows with sailors in smart uniforms and brawny longshoremen in dungarees. Studying the waterfront workers with his artist's eye Yousuf Karsh found they had "strong wonderful faces—real character" ★



These are the faces of the Halifax waterfront, bronzed by the salt wind, etched by the salt sea



Karsh, famous for his portraits of celebrities, also finds character and strength in the common man





WHAT THE STRIKE DID TO

Louiseville



Curfew came down at nine o'clock in Louiseville. The slushy streets were empty and ominous



Special officer Paul Benoit. Quebec Provincial Police at request of photographers recreates his reading of Riot Act to parading strikers

The frightening violence that flared after police read the Riot Act made a ghost town of Louiseville and set off one of the worst labor battles in Quebec's history

BY KEN JOHNSTONE

THE RIOT ACT and the nine o'clock curfew were still in force when I got to Louiseville the first time. The bus from Montreal to Quebec makes only one stop there: twenty miles short of Three Rivers on No. 2 highway. I got off at the Restaurant A l'Aurore to walk the extra two blocks to the Chateau Louise, which is also situated on the main street, where the highway becomes *rue* St. Laurent. Walking briskly through the semi-gloom of the winter's evening I was conscious of other solitary figures making their way along the street: the occasional automobile and horse and sleigh, but there was little in the atmosphere to indicate that Christmas was just a week away. Outside the offices of the provincial Department of Agriculture a cardboard model of the Manger scene with the cut-out figures of Mary, the Christ Child and the Three Wise Men stood ignored in the chill night air as the few citizens on the street went about their business with almost furtive speed.

Just a week before, on Dec. 11, at the plant of the Associated Textile Company, a strike of the Catholic Textile Syndicate, then of nine months and one day's duration, had flared into bloody violence with the reading of the Riot Act by special officer Paul Benoit of the Quebec Provincial Police. Some forty provincial police had put the strikers to flight and one striker had been shot through the neck.

Twenty-seven people were arrested that day. Of these, eight pleaded guilty to taking part in an illegal assembly and were fined a hundred dollars each. Seven were subsequently released, and the remainder were referred to later hearings in the trial courts.

Since that time, with the Riot Act in force, citizens had been forbidden to assemble in groups of more than two, and everyone was forbidden to be on the streets after nine o'clock in the evening without legitimate reason. Automobiles entering the town were stopped and searched; the provincial police had announced the discovery of a quantity of dynamite fuses and caps in a cupboard in the union hall. The atmosphere when I arrived was tense.

I checked in at the Chateau Louise, which sheltered special officer Paul Benoit and some of his men and was the social centre for most of the Associated Textile Company's American managerial staff. In a yard behind the hotel dynamite had been exploded on the night of Dec. 8 to wreck a parked bus.

Louiseville can be completely covered in a brisk hour's walk. Its population of forty-one hundred lives mainly in clapboarded houses that stretch along the highway and for a few blocks back on either side. The St. Lawrence River lies about two miles to the south. In the northeastern corner of Louiseville, along a CPR siding, a low rambling red-brick structure with one modern concrete wing, dominated by a black painted water tower, houses the town's chief industry, Associated Textiles. I saw a couple of provincial police cars and a patrol wagon as I walked by the plant, but there were no strikers visible. On the side of a little shack across the road from the concrete wing of the plant I saw a brave sign, *Les Affaires Sont Bonnes*, and another more pointed, *Nous Sommes en Grève. Ne Soyez pas Judas.* (We are on strike. Do not be a Judas.) On my first morning's walk I did not encounter more than a dozen people.

Most of the Louiseville merchants are located on the main street, *rue* St. Laurent, as is the town's second industry, Empire Shirts. In the west end of the town, along with Louiseville Pulp Laminated Structure Company, Rose Dress, and Ideal Children's Wear, it accounts for perhaps four hundred and fifty employees, or barely half of those normally employed at the Associated Textile Company.

The main street of Louiseville cannot be distinguished from any other main street in Quebec. It has its People's Store, its Post Office, Bell Telephone department store, restaurants, pool halls, even Louiseville Electrique selling television sets, and its Royal Theatre. Finally, it has its great grey twin-spired church, Eglise St.-Antoine de Padoue, with its schools, presbytery and parish hall nestling close to its protecting wing. The church is situated almost exactly between the rival camps: the plant of Associated Textiles to the north, and the two-story clapboarded building of the Syndicate to the south. Part of the lower floor of the Syndicate shelters the local police force of two members, and adjacent to the town fire hall, union members providing most of the volunteer fire brigade.

On the modest little streets leading off St. Laurent I counted ten signs in the windows and on walls of houses: *A Louer* or *A Vendre*. People were moving.

One of these was Louis Bouvert, who had his house for sale. He had been on strike and then went back last July when the plant reopened. There was no food in the house, no coal or wood. He worked for a month and he earned a little money. One morning he came out to find that his coal shed behind the house had been overturned. Louis quit his job. He is moving away.

"No matter how it works out," he says, "there will be only bad feelings. *Continued on page 58*



Through the long hungry strike the picketers were fed by girl strikers in a union canteen. A man with nine children drew fifteen dollars a week in strike pay; single men drew five



Adrien Dumas, a striker, was shot in the neck during fighting. Injured workers jammed the offices of Louiseville doctors, strikers say

Cops and Strikers began as Pals, but ended as Enemies



As the months of walkout dragged by, the police played horseshoes with the picket



As the tension tightened, a group of strikers near the plant was ordered to move along



Driven sixty-seven miles to Montreal, an arrested striker runs gantlet into HQ of Provincial Police. Eight pleaded guilty

THE FORTY-INCH PANHANDLER



"I'll slit your throat!" she raged. And the waiting room was jammed.

On the snowy corner or in his own surgery the good doctor was no match for the gypsy kid with the appealing eyes

By **CHENOWETH HALL**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM WINTER

He hasn't grown a mite since I first noticed him one afternoon two years ago in front of the Garrity, a cheap movie house. "Gimme a nickel, Mister? I want to see the show."

I felt down in my pocket. He was such a tiny boy. I should say forty inches tall. Little brown face and snapping brown eyes that were like the seeds of a tiger lily. "Here you are, son." I gave him a quarter. It seemed there was barely enough of his hand to hold it.

It was a cold day; snow was in the air in hard brisk swirls like salt in the wind. The quarter from my pocket was warm and I could feel it warm the palm of his cold little hand.

"Get in the movies now, son. Get out of the cold." I glanced instinctively at his feet. He was lorely well shod, and they turned up at the toes a bit like kid's shoes do. His corduroys were incredibly narrow and tiny. I took him in and then without another thought, for it was useless to worry about someone for whom you could do nothing, I wheeled myself round to go into the sporting goods store. It was ice-fishing time and the lakes were frozen to a good fourteen-inch depth so it was safe now to drive the car out on the lake and spend a quiet hour sitting in the car sipping a highball while you waited for your signal to flash. I needed some new lines and a couple of signals. The boy had turned and stood as though he were studying the billboard pasted on the brick exterior of the theatre, but I could see he was still watching me furtively. I stepped into the door of the shop and glanced back at him.

That was all, except when I came out of the store he was on the diagonal corner pulling the arm of a man in a big grey overcoat and looking up into the man's face with his little brown hand stuck out in front of him. The man reached into his pocket as I had done and put something into his palm. I watched the kid watch the man out of sight. Then he took to his heels and ran down Main Street, cut across through the streetcars and dodged into the narrow little cubby of a store between Kum Inn and a newspaper stand. The show window of the place he went into was hung with a wrinkled canvas on which was painted a huge hand with lines and numbers across the palm and fingers. It covered the whole glass. In the other window was the picture of a man's head about five times life size with veins running through the top. A big sign made of canvas and very torn from the wind hung across the entry way. Palmist.

I stood for a minute on the other side of the street and as I stood there a woman appeared in the narrow door, completely obstructing the entrance with her hands on her hips and her elbows touching the frame of the door on either side. She had exactly the same face as the little boy. Her eyes were like the seeds of a tiger lily too. She stood swaying slightly from side to side so that I could almost hear the beep earrings rattle. Her skirt was at yards and yards of yellow stuff with red figures in it and it was banded around the bottom with strips of red and green. There was a scarf wound around her head.

In a minute, like a little chicken darting out from under the wings of a hen, the gypsy boy came out into the street again. She didn't even look down to see him. She just shuffled herself as he passed and stood swaying in the doorway for another moment and then abruptly went inside.

After that day I would almost always *Continued on page 54*

SONIA WAS A SPY



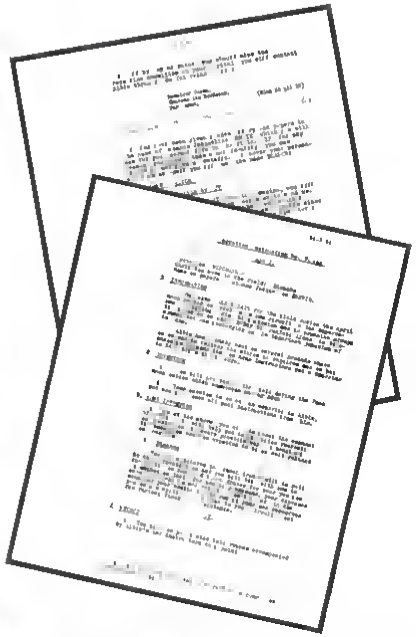
Now twenty-eight Mrs d'Artois is a keen IODE member She has been described as 'a mixture of Jeanne d'Arc, Mata Hari and Mrs Miniver'



While her much decorated husband is in Korea, Sonia watches over (left to right) Tina, Nadya Michel and Bobby Oldest is seven



Sonia, whose code name was Blanche gets set for a training jump When the real thing came along she almost dropped on top of a Nazi convoy



Her operation instructions don't mention the daily danger of being behind the enemy lines Ent Sonia was never questioned

Pretty Sonia d'Artois, like thousands of other Quebec City housewives, works happily at home with her four children. Even her neighbors don't know that at nineteen she parachuted into Occupied France and brushed death every day for five months as a British secret agent



Sonia and Guy d'Artois wed after they graduated from spy school Then war parted them

By McKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOS BY DAVID BIER

THE youngest and perhaps the most beautiful secret agent dropped behind enemy lines by the British Intelligence Service during World War Two lives today with her four bouncing Canadian children in an eighteenth century house on the historic Rue St Louis in Quebec City

Guarding the front door are two ancient French cannon each with its tray of well polished shot, and these are fitting symbols of the tenant's quietness and adventurous life For five perilous months she lived in Occupied France under the code name Blanche Her real name, had she borrowed it from some baroque extravaganza by Rafael Sabatini could not have sounded more suitably heroic. It is Sonia d'Artois

At nineteen Sonia graduated from a British school of espionage sabotage and guerrilla warfare, parachuted into the thick of Rommel's Atlantic Wall defenses, and there engaged in spectacular feats of disruption while flirting with unsuspecting German officers.

A few days before embarking on this mission she married a Canadian classmate now Major Guy d'Artois, DSO, CM, Croix de Guerre.

Prohibited from serving together, last the Gestapo should gain an opportunity of torturing a wife in front of her husband they jumped into France separately on different nights, many miles apart and neither knew until after the liberation of Paris whether the other was alive or dead After a few years of reunion gunfire parted them once more For the last twelve months Guy d'Artois has been serving with the Royal Twenty-Second Regiment, the renowned Van Doos in Korea

Now twenty-eight Sonia plays with her children darns socks washes dishes makes beds goes shopping and bears with proud serenity all the anxieties and social restrictions of a wife whose husband is in action abroad She is a lanky slender tweedy English blonde with the low heeled stride of the southern counties Her turned-up nose and pink and white complexion are strengthened by a firm mouth and chin Her wide hazel eyes sparkle with good cheer

Usually she dresses in simple country clothes but when she puts on warpaint she could easily be mistaken for a model of Swiss or Hungarian extraction One of Sonia's friends has described her as 'a mixture of Jeanne d'Arc Mata Hari and Mrs Miniver'

The drama of her undercover military record which for security reasons has never been revealed in detail before, lies not only in what she did but why she did it. Although she has no French blood Sonia has been from childhood a staunch Francophile She was born Sonia Butt at Eastchurch Kent England in 1924 Her father Group Captain L A K Butt was a regular RAF officer Her mother who was delicate spent much time in the south of France

Sonia was educated in France and finished up in boarding school at Veanes on the Brittany Peninsula She became familiar with the regions where the great battles following D-Day would be fought Her French was pure She says she felt just as much French as English. When in 1940 Winston Churchill offered the crumbling French nation joint citizenship with Britain Sonia says her reaction was one of joy and pride

At that time she was fifteen A few weeks earlier the Germans had broken through at Sedan All the British in France began streaming for the Channel ports. As was customary in the case of minors Sonia had no passport of her own being registered on her mother's passport Her mother was then on a trip to England

Sonia had no money The mails weren't coming through No British were allowed to re-enter France. All who left were subjected to close scrutiny If ever there was a time when documents were vital this was it Most girls would have considered themselves trapped But Sonia cajoled her headmistress into lending her the fare and talked her way aboard a special train carrying British refugees to Calais Jostled and ignored by the other fugitives she found herself a lonely but well composed adolescent, up against the French emigration barrier with no authority to pass. She was pushed aside while hundreds of others pressed by She was the last to be examined She talked her way around the officials and jumped aboard the last packet for England as the gangway was being raised At Dover she talked her way through British immigration

"In France" Sonia explains today with a faint smile "a girl matures earlier than in England"

For two years she went to school in England At seventeen she shifted her way into the WAAF, the Women's Auxiliary Air Force twelve months under the legal age. But Sonia soon discovered that clerking as an AC2 in an RAF plotting room failed to match her dreams of martial valor Another girl in her squad Paddy O'Sullivan who also spoke perfect French said "We are wasting our time here" One day Paddy disappeared Sonia made enquiries. The manner in which she was advised to forget Paddy alerted her to the existence of opportunities she was seeking

She visited her father who was then a staff officer at the Air Ministry and asked him to pull strings After she had pestered him for weeks he yielded In the middle of 1943 Sonia was summoned to a luxurious apartment in central London It was by means throughout the intelligence service for its opulent black bathtub

This was the headquarters of a unit officially termed the French Section of the Western European Directorate of the Ministry of Economic Warfare but always described by its members as "the Firm" The boss of "the Firm" was a British officer Colonel Maurice Buckmaster His job was to train parachutists for liaison duties with the Maquisards in France More than four hundred men and about fifty women entered France under Buckmaster's command by parachute small air craft rubber dinghy fishing boat or submarine

All were British subjects *Continued on page 43*



Daughter Nadya's proudest possession is this Japanese doll sent back home by her father



Cartoonist George Feyer, obviously in the pay of the Optometrists' Trust, shows how disaster makes passes at folks who scorn glasses



What's so funny about glasses?

Some people burst into laughter over bifocals; to others the monocle is sidesplitting. Cartoonists make a living hiding them from professors. And six million Canadians can't read the comics without them

BY BOB COLLINS

AT BEDTIME tonight six million bespectacled Canadians will brush the cocky crumbs from their nightshirts, finish a chapter of a whodunit, snap off the light and get to sleep. Some will forget to remove their glasses, bend the frames as they slumber on their faces and wake up looking two ways at once. A few will put their glasses on the floor beside the bed and step on them when they get up; pulverizing twenty-five dollars' worth of lens and frame. Most will weather the night without incident, but may easily run into trouble tomorrow, for man hasn't had much peace since he first perched a pair of magnifying lenses on his nose seven centuries ago.

In Los Angeles, for example, Harvey Bornstein is still looking for the stranger who stopped him on the street, plucked off his spectacles, made Harvey count the number of fingers he held up, then broke the frame in half and stalked away muttering "You don't need glasses."

A housewife in Winnipeg took home a friend's glasses by mistake, assumed they belonged to her ten-year-old son and made him wear them all winter, in spite of his plaintive protest that he couldn't see across the room.

Millions of other lens wearers are merely bemused by the way their spectacles get lost, dropped, sat on, steamed up, smeared up and mixed up. Even the people who can't see without them are rarely grateful. Most glasses wearers share the sentiments of a tombstone inscription in Florence, Italy:

1317
HERE LIES SALVINO OF
THE FAMILY ARMATIE OF FLORENCE,
THE INVENTOR OF SPECTACLES
MAY GOD FORGIVE HIS SINS

Men spatter their glasses with lather when they shave, yet can't see the mirror if they take them off. Some absent-minded souls wear them into the shower. Others push them up on their foreheads like Venetian blinds, then forget where they've put them. Babies rejoice in dashing them to the floor. Photographers hate them because the lenses cast glints and shadows on their subjects' faces. Housewives who bend over steaming roasts come up with a greasy soap-defying sludge on their windshields.

Friends who don't wear glasses themselves love to borrow them, try them on, peer at themselves in the mirror and delight their mothers and girl friends. Then, since only a practiced wearer knows the delicate art of bending glasses by their frames, he usually gets his lenses back stamped with a set of thumbprints.

Sometimes glasses even thwart romance. Bespectacled couples who dance cheek to cheek, sometimes lock frames and have to be chiseled apart at the end of a waltz. Contacts may wither and die if every good-night kiss is punctuated by the clash of lenses and frames.

Nevertheless, glasses aren't always a handicap in love. In 1945 the Canadian Institute for the Blind sent an expedition to the Arctic to fit Eskimos with eyeglasses. At Pangnirtung, on Baffin Island, they found a native in his thirties who couldn't see well enough to hunt. Therefore could not support a family and was getting the cold shoulder from the local girls.

Optometrist A. H. Tweedie, of Midland, Ont., fitted the patient with lenses in a sturdy gold filled frame, restoring both his eyesight and his stature as an eligible bachelor. Word came through later that he soon found a wife.

Spectacles can even bolster your personality. In an experiment at Purdue University, psychology students studied photos of men and women both with and without glasses and rated the subjects by the characteristics revealed in their faces. Glasses wearers were invariably rated higher in dependability, integrity, industriousness and honesty.

Although there is no official count, Sydney Hermant, an executive of the Imperial Optical Company, estimates that three out of five Canadians wear glasses. More conservative estimates, based on statistics of the American Optometric Association, are that forty - three percent of Canada's fourteen million people—at least six million—wear spectacles all or part of the time.

If you don't wear them now you probably will later. According to the Better Vision Institute of America, twenty three percent of children under fifteen, ninety five percent of adults over sixty, and six out of ten of all ages combined need spectacles.

Generally spectacles are worn to correct one of the five most common visual defects: astigmatism, myopia or nearsightedness, hypermetropia or farsightedness, presbyopia and muscular imbalance. Presbyopia (middle age sight) occurs when the crystalline lenses in the eye lose their elasticity and can no longer adjust for near objects.

"Everyone's focusing power begins to decline at about ten years of age and continues until about forty," says Dr. O. B. Richardson, Toronto oculist. "Between forty and fifty the average person needs spectacles for close up work."

To correct one or a combination of these faults spectacles wearers have access to single-vision lenses, bifocals or trifocals (for reading, middle-distance and full-distance vision) in about ten million different prescriptions and nearly one hundred different shapes of frames.

In the days when a frame had no sex appeal, the lens was all that mattered. Spectacles were square or round; frames were plain metal and their wearers peered throughout life with a perpetually startled expression. Small girls *Continued on page 34*





Alderman Lane works late. "I think women have a big role to play," she says. "I decided to play mine."

Ubiquitous

is the Word for Abbie

Abigail Amanda Lane, after eighteen years' comfortable domesticity, launched a freewheeling career on a dare. Now one of the best-known women in the Maritimes she has warned a bemused Halifax that she intends to be the first woman mayor in the history of that ancient city

By DAVID MacDONALD

PHOTOS BY EDWARD A. ROLLINGER

WHEN in Halifax the first thing a stranger is likely to see or hear about is Citadel Hill, which sits up high and overlooks the harbor. The second is Abigail Amanda Lane, a fifty-four year-old woman-about-town who overlooks nothing.

Ubiquitous is the word for Abbie. In a single day maintaining a pace generally left to roaches, it is possible to catch her at the microphone of two of the city's three radio stations, shopping at the corner grocer's, addressing a service club luncheon, pouring at a tea, rehearsing a stage play, hearing her fourteen year-old daughter's homework and arguing with the men at City Hall, where she is an alderman. She also manages night hours, sleep and breakfast in bed.

Mrs. Lane is a well-corseted, pleasant-looking woman whose blond hair is liberally laced with grey. Her face is lined but youthful and her step is quick, almost jerky. She wears a hat as often as she wears shoes, which gives the constant impression that she's about to be somewhere else. She usually is.

Five mornings a week she does a fifteen minute radio commentary on women's affairs, reading recipes, ironing out problems of etiquette, interviewing visiting celebrities and local do-gooders and generally lambasting people and things that annoy her.

An hour later the worldly wise society woman and fashion expert shrugs off her squirrel jacket, ties on a homespun apron and becomes Mary Gillan, all Canadian farm wife, on the CBC's Maritime Network daily farm broadcast. Mary Gillan is a household name on every farm on the Atlantic coast but Abbie Lane is still unidentifiable in the same county with a cow.

Positive is another word for her. She is variously described as the best all-rounder in the city and the worst, a conscientious citizen and a windy old busybody.

An inveterate club member and committee worker, she runs the gamut from school board to poker club. Her crammed wallet holds more than a dozen membership cards. She is proudest of the one issued by the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, who last year made her their provincial president, just a few months after she made a radio broadcast that some people branded high treason.

When the City of Halifax gave a luncheon at the Lord Nelson Hotel for the then Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh at the big end of their 1951 Canadian tour, Mrs. Lane was picked to present the official gift, partly because she was the only woman on the city council and partly because she'd helped to make the arrangements for the visit.

As soon as the presentation was over the royal tourists hurried on to their next stop, the Camp Hill military hospital. Coming through the doorway into one of the wards the Princess did a double-take. A few feet away, still wearing her nine-ribboned aldermanic medallion, stood Mrs. Lane, this time on the business end of a microphone describing the event for radio station CJCH.

As soon as Elizabeth and her consort had bowed out of the hotel ballroom Abbie had raced out the kitchen door, swung her one hundred and eighty pounds (now trimmed to a hundred and fifty) into a waiting car and shouted, "Let's get going."

A Toronto newspaper columnist, also a woman, described Abbie as the youngest concern in Halifax. Just where she is going next is the subject of some conjecture, not all of it flattering. She has often been told she should go back to the kitchen and stay there, but she's aiming for nothing short of the mayor's office.

Halifax has an unwritten rule that Catholics and non-Catholics must alternate as mayors, so Abbie, an Anglican, can't run until the term of Mayor Richard Donahoe expires in the spring of 1955. At that time her stint as an alderman for Ward Two will also be up. She is the second woman alderman in the city's two-hundred-and-three-year history. She hopes to become the first woman mayor.

What started it all? Abbie ascribes it to a dare.

During the Second World War women undertook a lot of jobs in Canada. Mrs. Lane, the mother of three and wife of the manager of a savings and loan company, was no exception. Among other things she washed diapers in the part nursery, escorted the British wives and children of Canadian servicemen from Halifax to Montreal and acted as emcee of a camp show. She was also a St. John's Ambulance first-aid worker and spent several nights a week dishing out cocoa and doughnuts at service canteens.

When a Halifax society woman who wasn't exactly in the front lines herself phoned one night in 1944 and asked Abbie to take on another job, she said she didn't think she had the time. "Well now, Mrs. Lane," rasped her caller. "You know there's a war on."

Fuming, Abbie hung up. She told her husband, "I've got a good mind to take the first full-time job I can find. Then I won't be at the mercy of buddies like that."

"I dare you," he replied. "You couldn't take orders from anyone. You wouldn't last two weeks."

A few weeks later she was hired as women's editor of the now defunct Halifax Chronicle. The editor figured she would be a good contact with all the women's organizations in the city she belonged to most of them.

Once she was sent out to investigate a report that a woman had beaned her child with its own nursing bottle. The address turned out to be a ramshackle waterfront tenement. The police weren't around so she climbed the dark stairs. She found the mother, the bandaged child and the nursing bottle—a gin bottle with a nipple on it.



Abbie's frank radio comments after the Princess left Halifax in 1951 sounded like treason to some listeners. Here she presents the city's official gift, a gold brooch.

She went out and called the office to send a photographer. When cameraman Roy Tidman and Abbie started up the stairs again the woman's husband shouted down, "What in hell do you want?"

"We're social workers," she called back. "I thought we might—"

"You come up and I'll throw you right down again."

At the Tidman stopped back behind Mrs. Lane. "You go first," he said gallantly. "Women's editors we can get but these cameras are hard to find."

Both retreated. Abbie to her typewriter where she wrote a blistering and libelous story. When she was told the paper couldn't print it she sat down again and typed out her resignation. She later tore it up.

In 1944 when the Chronicle opened its own small radio station, CJCH, Mrs. Lane was made women's commentator. And when the Chronicle sponsored a yearly fashion show in hopes of building up its steadily falling circulation she ran that too.

In December 1948 the Chronicle merged with the rival Herald and Mail and Abbie was out of the newspaper business. But she kept on in radio and other activities soon took up her slack time. She was a member of the civic planning committee which spent two years drafting Halifax's master plan and she was president of the Halifax Welfare Bureau for six years.

In 1951 she took her first fling at politics when a by-election was called in Ward Two. "I think women have a big role to play in the community and I decided to play mine," she explains.

Her campaign manager Mrs. Mac-Kenzie Watt and most of her campaign workers were housewives. In many cases they didn't stir out of their kitchens. They looked up telephone numbers of every voter in the ward—about five thousand—and kept phones ringing for weeks. Abbie won by more than five hundred votes. Elected to serve out a one-year term she was paid seven hundred and fifty dollars. Her campaign expenses ran close to a thousand.

After her election there appeared a noticeable rift between Mrs. Lane and the Progressive Conservative Party, reportedly because the party organization hadn't helped her. Party affiliations are usually left unmentioned in civic politics. "They took a strangely detached attitude toward my election," she says today. She's no longer active in PC affairs and claims that she turned down a Conservative nomination in a federal by-election.

Alderman Lane's first project was a fearless drive for the appointment of a dogcatcher. Last November the city finally got a dogcatcher, a truck and all the trappings and Mrs. Lane got a barrage of calls from irate dog owners who had to pay two dollars to get their pups out of the pokey.

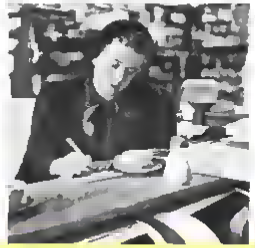
Early in the game she *Continued on page 50*



For lunches, parties and speeches Abbie keeps a big stable of hats.



She hammers out a civic matter with Mayor Richard Donahoe. She'd like to succeed him.



Over coffee she jots down notes for one of her radio shows. She is CBC's Mary Gillan.



At city jail she talks with girls serving sentence for prostitution.



At CJCH nine mornings a week Abbie gives fifteen minute patter.



She does all her own shopping but a maid does the housework in Lane's west-end home.



Abbie occasionally cooks. She's in a dozen clubs as provincial president of the IODE.



Youngest of Lanes' three children, Jean (14) shares study problem.



McCulloch shows fine form to candidates for the U S Olympic team at Sun Valley He has skied with Norma Shearer Claudette Colbert and other big names

THE COCKY KING OF THE SKI SLOPES

Ernie McCulloch, the idol of Three Rivers — and of an uncounted army of feminine fans — has grand slammed his way to top North American ski honors and now plans to tackle the European masters on their home hills



By ALEXANDER LEESE

THE GREATEST downhill skier in the world, according to the noted American commentator, Lowell Thomas, is not a Norwegian, Swiss, Austrian, Frenchman or Italian. He is not even an American. He is a sandy haired chunky twenty six year-old from Three Rivers, Que., a Canadian of Scottish French ancestry widely known through the skiing world as Ernie McCulloch. His mother calls him "Bird."

A glance at the record book of international competitive skiing reveals that Thomas didn't exaggerate when he made this assertion in a recent ski film entitled Mount Tremblant Powder. Since 1949, when McCulloch startled the ski world by beating the world champion French ski team at the Quebec Kandahar race, he has piled up an impressive record. The following year he won the North American downhill championship, tied first in the American national slalom and won the combined. He also took the Snow Cup at Alta, Utah. In 1951, American ski writers dubbed him the Grand Slam Champion as he swept through the North American downhill, the national downhill, giant slalom and combined, and the Harriman Cup at Sun Valley, Idaho. Returning to Canada last year, he managed to get away from his instructor's job at Mount Tremblant, Que., long enough to repeat his victory at Sun Valley for the Harriman Cup and to take the international and national downhill titles at Stowe, Vt. At Stowe he beat the 1952 Olympic champions, Stein Ericksen and Othmar Schneider.

The film Mount Tremblant Powder features the skiing of McCulloch as he smashes through deep snow, vaults over ledges, whirls around hairpin bends, skips like a ballet dancer over humps. Down Tremblant's fearsome Flying Mile he actually skates on skis, a crouched figure seemingly with invisible wings sweeping from hump to hump, straight down the mountainside, racing from ski to ski.

Veteran ski instructor and ski photographer Frank Scofield remarked after seeing the film: "In twenty years I've photographed the best of them and I find McCulloch hair-raising to watch. I would rank him among the world's ten all-time greats in the sport."

The factors which have *Continued on page 30*



ANOTHER BUSINESSMAN

Chooses Butler Buildings



...and he's more than satisfied!

Hes H. B Elworthy President of Island Tug and Barge, Limited Victoria, British Columbia He says, "Satisfied with our Butler Building? Our future building purchases will be restricted to Butler Buildings! We're happy with the attractive appearance, rugged and solid construction and ease of erection."

You'll agree with Mr. Elworthy's remarks and be able to list many other advantages too, when you invest in low cost, fire-safe, snow tight wind resistant Butler Buildings (with galvanized or aluminum covering)! Write today!



TRIM, SIMPLE BEAUTY
a building of modern lines and adaptability to any industrial or commercial need



SMOOTH, FUNCTIONAL
an interior well suited to modern decoration and insulation with low cost materials

Write Your Nearest Butler Dealer

VANCOUVER, B. C.
Northern Asbestos & Construction Supplies Ltd.
P. O. Outerman 2960 West Tenth Avenue

EDMONTON, ALBERTA
Northern Asbestos and Building Supplies Ltd
P. O. Box 213 Phone 72356

TORONTO, ONTARIO
Steel Building Sales and Supply Ltd.
159 Bay Street
Thomas O. Glynn Empire 6-4747

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
Yorkton Machinery & Equipment Ltd.
121 Sutherland Street
W. W. Scotch Phone: 394-376

SERVING INDUSTRY, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE FOR MORE THAN 30 YEARS

Straight Sidewalls—Get All the Space You Pay For

BUTLER STEEL PRODUCTS

OIL EQUIPMENT — STEEL BUILDINGS
FARM EQUIPMENT — CLEANERS EQUIPMENT
SPECIAL PRODUCTS

Butler Pan-America Company
(A Wholly Owned Subsidiary of the Butler Manufacturing Company)

Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

AGAINST ALL FLAGS Errol Flynn and Maureen O'Hara in a pirate swash-buckler which hails her lordly lines to hold itself above it in not redeeming breathlessly to its lofty pattern It winds up being not much of a thriller and not much of a comedy either

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME Labor and management both get a few dust and the lithe boys gets an interesting move in this unpretentious story about a bunch of workers who try their hand at running a factory A 1950 British film being exhibited in Canada by the Department of Labor

THE CRIMSON PIRATE Successors are hard to find when they are cast in seductively with highly amusing results The agile Burt Lancaster is a top item on the books of this line

SIGN I IRON MEN Henry Brown author of A Walk in the Sun wrote this war story too and its intimate close-up of one squad of GIs under fire is likely to thrill fanciers action-power honestly and honor Bonar Colleano is dashing as a fearless Casanova whose magnetic partner Hawaii (Mary Castle) almost builds a burden

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS Marge and Gower Champion proved in Show Boat that they are delightful dancers Their acting however is of smallish calibre in this Technicolor musical and the story of hashings domestic is dull as it is and it seems Two or three of the staged production numbers are smart and lively

IT GROWS ON TREES Dean Jagger and Joan Evans find love and tax dollars but I barely sprouting in their garden A good comic notion is smothered by corpses and heavyhandedness in plot and treatment although the picture has a few dazzling moments

LES MISERABLES This must be about the sixth movie version of the famous Victor Hugo novel and the story rarely holds an inspire for most customers Resolutely competent this Hollywood job features Michael Rennie as the desperate fugitive Robert Newton as his partner and Edmund Gwenn as the saintly bishop

MY PAL GUS A small boy (poignantly underplayed by George Winslow) is the pawn between his estranged parents (Richard Widmark and Audrey Totter) in this incomprehensible comedy drama. The story has much less bottom than you might worry with both

THE RAIDERS A fast enough western starring Sam Lloyd Richard Cobb as a gale of air who takes the law into his own hands after losing his wife his brother and his savings to a band of gang Swedish Veraca Hamilton struggles ostensibly with the role of a gentle Mexican girl who tries to stop the violence

RED PLANET MARS Uncle Sam and the Russians battle for space realm in the sky The result is my opinion is one of the worst movies ever made—so bad in fact that at times it is fun because there many an outright comedy

RELUCTANT HEROES An army farce from Britain It lightly reviews primarily of the militant feats in the music hall repertoire and a few of them are at least worth a chuckle Basil Sidney works hard at that personal tyrant, the Nasty Sergeant

SOMETHING FOR THE BIRDS An amateur lobby at [illegible] tryng to protect Cal Tinney's world in favorites Washington a thin political comedy The grooved story of an opposing lobbyist becomes bogged by a too thick coating With Edmund Gwenn Victor Mature

UNTAMED FRONTIER. Nice color photography and a heavy of a stampede are struck to be weighed against a generous script and novice wooden characters In the love country drama Joseph Cotten and Scott Brady are good and evil cousins and Shelley Winters is the beleaguered lady in the middle

Gilmour Rates

Between of You Drama Fair
Because You're Mine Tenor operatic comedy Good
Big Jim McLain Spy drama Fair
The Big Sky Adventure Good
Blackheads of Broadway Damon Runyon comic musical Good
Breaking the Sound Barrier Jet pilot aviation thriller Excellent
Come Back Little Sheba Marriage drama Excellent
The Devil Makes 3 Suspense Good
Fearless Fagan Comedy Good
The Fourposter Marital drama Fair
The Happy Time Comedy Good
High Noon Western Tops
Hurricane West Western Poor
Hurricane Smith Tropic drama Poor
Invasion Adventure drama Excellent
Just for You Crosby musical Fair
Limelight Chaplin drama Excellent
Meet Me Tonight 3 playlets Fair
The Merry Widow Musical Fair
Miracle in Milan Italian fantasy Good
Mr. Drosselmeyer Grimm North Sea pirate drama (Polish) Fair
Mooney Business Comedy Fair
My Man and I Drama Fair
My Wife's Best Friend Farce Poor
O Henry's Full House Multi story package Good
Operation Secret Spy drama Fair
Outpost in Malaya Drama Fair
Penny Princess Comedy Fair
Plymouth Adventure Sea drama Good
The Quiet Man Irish comedy Good
The Sniper Suspense Excellent
Snows of Kilimanjaro Drama Good
Springfield Rifle Western Good
Story of Mandy Drama Good.
Story of Robin Hood Adventure Good
Story of Will Rogers Biography Fair
The Thief No talk spy tale Good
Vendetta Bird Mystery Fair
Wake Birds Wildlife short Good
What Price Glory? Tank war Fair



TW 300 MOTOR WAGON
Bottom Dump
14 cu yd struck capacity
280 hp

Now...the famous MOTOR SCRAPER joins the A-C line

TS-200 MOTOR WAGON
Rear Dump
11 cu yd struck capacity
176 hp.

Allis-Chalmers has extended the *Finest Line on Earth* by adding the famous MOTOR SCRAPERS and MOTOR WAGONS formerly manufactured by LaPlant-Choate

These self powered, fast hauling giants on rubber are job-tested and job proved through years of use all over the world Like Allis-Chalmers tractors motor graders and power units, they meet A-C's 4-point quality requirements in every way — are DESIGNED FOR THE JOB, BUILT TO TAKE IT, EASY TO OPERATE, EASY TO SERVICE.

What's more, the Allis-Chalmers industrial dealer has a complete line of Allied equipment to take full advantage of the power and versatility of A C's wide line He knows all this equipment well and has had wide experience in matching it to the job at hand. Road builders and road users are money ahead when the Allis Chalmers industrial dealer is made *equipment headquarters.*

FOR MODERN EQUIPMENT . . . FOR THE RIGHT MACHINE FOR THE JOB . . . FOR BEST RESULTS— THE CHOICE IS ALLIS CHALMERS!



TS-300 MOTOR SCRAPER
14 cu yd. struck capacity 280 hp.

15-200 MOTOR SCRAPER
[illegible] yd struck capacity
176 hp



ALLIS-CHALMERS

DEALERS:

SASTSEN EQUIPMENT LTD. Halifax, Nova Scotia
W. A. HARE Ottawa Ontario
WATSEOUS LIMITED Edmonton Alberta
SHERIDAN EQUIPMENT CO. LTD. Lansdale (Toronto) Ontario
MUSSENS CANADA LIMITED Montreal Quebec and Fredericton N. B.
WESTERN TRACTOR & EQUIPMENT CO Regina, Saskatoon Saskatchewan
BENOIT TRACTOR & EQUIPMENT CO. LTD. Vancouver, B. C.
VULCAN MACHINERY & EQUIPMENT LTD Winnipeg Man. and Ft. William, O.

"I soothed my husband with sandpaper!"

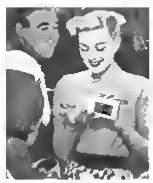
says JAN STERLING co-starring in "PONY EXPRESS"• A Paramount Picture • Color by Technicolor



"Nobody'd call Paul Douglas a mush husband," Jan Sterling explains, "and he raged at the junk I picked up at auctions — till I showed him how lovely it was underneath.



"Then he admitted all the sanding was worth while



"It was terrible for my hands but Jergens Lotion



"Made them soft and smooth again in no time!



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND BRYAN PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream must first be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't. Hand-rubbed-in oil tends to gum. Lotion. It contains quickly absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend: no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above.



See why stars choose Jergens Lotion 7-to-1

Remember JERGENS LOTION — because you care for your hands!

5c, 10c, 25c, $1 & Made in Canada

King of the Slopes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

ondo Ernie McCulloch not only Canada s greatest skier but one of the greatest skiers in the world today go beyond the native ability and tremendous endurance the roughly competitive spirit and self-assurance which are his characteristics They also include a ruthless appraisal of himself and of his competitors a scientific approach to training and to the task immediately on hand He has also had the opportunity for competition against the leading performers in North America on the fastest and most difficult runs —something that is denied nearly five percent of Canada s best skiers

When McCulloch enters a big competition he usually arrives on the scene about four days in advance. He breaks the downhill course into six sections and examines each section carefully to determine exactly how he will run it. This takes two days. Then on the third day he runs the course faster but still by sections. On the last day before the race he takes the whole course at near top speed. If it feels right he stops there. But if it doesn t he makes another fast run still leaving something in store. By now he has the whole course in his mind, bump by bump, turn by turn.

In downhill racing today the whole course is dangerous. Ernie says. "But you must never let yourself think that you might fall, even though you know others will. The Harriman course at Sun Valley is two and one eighth miles, and to cover it in a winning time you have to move at better than sixty miles an hour. It s the greatest thrill in the world to come down a slope like that. You hear your skis begin to purr — it s just like a purr — and you know you are traveling out of control. You concentrate on keeping your balance. Everything has to be there the way it is in your mind. There is no time for second guesses. If you've made a mistake — too bad!"

Slalom courses are not set until the day of the race. But as soon as the flags and gates through which the competitors must travel are in place Ernie walks up and down the side of the course a hundred feet at a time. He covers the whole course in sections. When he feels he has every flag and gate clearly in his mind, he skis down alongside the course as close as the officials will allow.

"The whole run has to be fixed and automatic in your mind," Ernie points out. The tragedy that happens to a lot of boys in slalom is that just before a gate for a split second they forget and their timing is gone."

McCulloch pays just as much attention to the wax on his skis as he does to the course. He uses a combination of six different waxes, depending on the snow conditions. He mixes the waxes himself and applies them sometimes painting them on or using a hot iron.

Only once in the last four years did his wax work not badly. A sudden change of weather at Aspen Colo. left him with the wrong combination and he finished the slalom course nine seconds behind the winner, a disastrous margin. Once he changed his wax three times in the two hours immediately before a big race. He won it, too.

McCulloch favors European waxes, but they are the only non-Canadian items in his ski equipment. "Our ski equipment is as good as or even better than anything made in any other countries," he says. He has used skis made by a Three Rivers firm ever since he started skiing seriously at the age of seven. His boots are made by a Montreal firm, after a design by former world champion Emile Allais. They are much stiffer than those favored by many skiers. He wears no ski cap — "It makes my forehead cold" — and pulls on an old-fashioned Canadian toque when he doesn t race bareheaded.

There are four divisions in competitive skiing: jumping, cross-country, downhill racing and slalom racing. Jumping depends for its popularity on the existence of good jumps and Canada has very few of them. Cross-country is long and unspectacular. The downhill and slalom offer greater thrills.

A downhill course is usually two or three miles in length with the worst twists and turns, bumps and drops which can be found. Competitors must keep up a miles-a-minute pace if they hope to win. The slalom course is usually down a steep but open slope with flags and gates placed at tricky angles and intervals. The slalom racer flips through these openings like a cat in a fit, racing against time.

McCulloch s mother, a remarkable Canadienne who two years ago at sixty-seven shot her first bull moose and packed out a good portion of the carcass, started calling her sixth and last child "Bird" because she always seemed to find him flying through the air from a ski jump where she went looking for him.

Three Rivers had at that time the only good ski jump in eastern Canada and Ernie entered the schoolboy meets. They had downhill and slalom events too, and at fourteen Ernie swept the board against competitors from twelve schools. He repeated this the next two years, but still specialized in the jumping and cross-country, the most popular events in the St. Maurice Valley.

At sixteen he placed second on jumping at the Canadian junior championships in Montreal at eighteen he entered the eastern American championships at Lake Placid, N.Y., placing second in both jumping and cross-country. By this time he pretty well dominated the St. Maurice Valley and St. Lawrence Valley meets and wanted to measure himself against the experts of the Laurentian zone, the kingpins of Canadian downhill and slalom. He had won the provincial combined jumping and cross-country twice and the provincial jumping championship once.

McCulloch was actually enticed out of the St. Maurice Valley in 1946 by another great skier, Johnny Fripp, who offered him a job on the ski patrol at Mount Tremblant, where Fripp was chief ski instructor. That first season McCulloch chased Fripp unsuccessfully down the tricky Tremblant slopes in classics like the Kandahar and the Taschereau races.

The only two bad accidents he has ever had as a skier made the next season a dead loss. At the beginning of the season on the lower part of the Taschereau run Ernie s ski tip caught in deep snow and spun him in the air. He smashed headfirst into a tree. When he came to he skied groggily down the course and presented himself to the doctor. They still tell the story around Tremblant.

Ernie walked into the doctor s office. "Doc, I think I hurt myself," he mumbled, and collapsed on the floor. The doctor rushed him to Montreal. McCulloch s jawbone was broken, his cheekbone fractured and caved in, endangering the sight of his left eye. His nose was broken. Surgery saved his eye and his face was wired up. Ernie returned to Tremblant.

He was back in fine shape for the



Here's how you wash!

Away from damp basements, wringers and steamy hot water. It's all done automatically!



Here's how you dry!

Out of the weather. No more rain, snow, sleet or dripping winds, no piles of pins. It's automatic, too!



Here's how you feel!

Like a million! With extra pep and energy with no nervous overwork strain. Your family'll love you!

You wash, you dry, without a care in Frigidaire's new "Porcelain Pair"!



Live-Water Washing gets the deep-down dirt ordinary washing actions can't touch!

Common ordinary dirt — or even the ground-in grime that often digs into clothes doesn t stand a chance against Live-Water washing action!

Hot, sudsy water floods through every fiber of every piece — flushing away every speck of dirt. Yet so gently, so carefully — that even nylons, rayons, woolens are safe!

New Flash-Over rinse

It s a Frigidaire exclusive! Makes sure that no trapped dirt will drain back through clean clothes. All of it floats over the sides of the tub and away, along with the used wash water. And Rapidry Spin takes out 20% more water than any other washer.

Then your Frigidaire Automatic Washer — finished in Lifetime Porcelain — drains, cleans, shuts itself off. And you? *You re doing other things that are lots more fun!* Why not see a Frigidaire demonstration today?



New Electric Dryer — dries in any weather — never throws humid heat or sticky lint around!

Here s a wonderful work-saver — a way to dry your clothes without weather worries. To dry them to fluffy sweetness for storage — or damp-dry for ironing as you choose. And to do it without ropes or pins or poles, without bending or stretching!

The Frigidaire Filtra-matic Dryer dries perfectly — but, unlike ordinary clothes dryers won t throw objectionably humid heat or sticky lint around the room to cloud up windows, cling to walls. Yet it requires no complicated special plumbing, tricky installation or costly unsightly vents.

Cabinet *and* drum are finished in sturdy, rust-proof Lifetime Porcelain. The always-bright finish — for longer life — and less wear and tear on clothes, too.

For your Porcelain Pair demonstration see your Frigidaire Dealer. His name is in the Yellow Pages of your phone book — or write Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Scarborough (Toronto 13), Ontario.

FRIGIDAIRE

Automatic Washer and Dryer

Frigidaire Washer and Frigidaire Dryer require 60 cycle current.

Frigidaire reserves the right to change specifications, or discontinue models, without notice.

Kandahar later in the season But, making a last fast run the day before the race, he caught an outside edge of one ski the nurest way to take a spill in skiing and as he sailed into the air he felt his ankle snap He skied down the balance of the run but that ended the season for Ernie

The 1948 season found him more determined than ever to take the boys including the redoubtable Fripp at their own specialty of downhill and slalom. He trained seriously working himself up slowly to top pitch for the Taschereau race He won it in three minutes and twenty six seconds time that still stands as the record for the course Then he went down to Ste Marguerite and won the annual Mount Baldy race with a record time of 56 3 seconds that still stands At Ottawa he added the central Canadian combined slalom and downhill title but has proudest moment was when he took the registered ski instructors course at Ste Adele and finished with top honors

An important influence in McCulloch's career at this time was Emile Allais. Ernie says: "Johnny Fripp gave me a lot of inspiration for fighting spirit, but Emile Allais raised competitive skiing in Canada to a new level I learned more from him than from anyone else before or since"

The following season 1949 McCulloch showed he had learned plenty Again he made fastest time in the Taschereau and won the Mount Baldy and the central Canadian combined downhill and slalom title He finished second in the combined Canadian championship competing against the French world champions and won the Kandahar against the same opposition.

The next year a decisive season in McCulloch's career as a racing skier two other Canadian skiers who were employed as instructors at Sun Valley, Idaho persuaded the chief instructor there, Otto Lang, to invite Ernie to join the staff. McCulloch accepted and immediately moved into a different league

The skiing terrain in eastern Canada is more suited to cross-country racing than really top flight downhill more Scandinavian than Swiss in character Only in the western United States and in the Canadian Rockies are the long sweeping downhill runs to be found that approximate the kind of terrain found in the Alps

The astute Otto Lang sent Ernie to all the American meets in 1950 hoping to drive publicity for Sun Valley from his exploits McCulloch didn't disappoint. He won the North American downhill championship tied first in the American national slalom and won the combined He took the Snow Cup, a combined downhill and slalom prize at Alta, Utah, placed second for the Peruvian Cup at the same place, and at Aspen, Col., he placed fifth in the world championship slalom event

Ernie's impressive record that year won him the job of coaching the American girls who were training for 1954 for the Olympics He was not yet twenty five That year, besides coaching the girls, he won for himself the newspaper title of Grand Slam Champion by winning the North American downhill the national downhill, giant slalom and combined and the coveted Harriman Cup also a combined event.

Johnny Fripp had retired from active skiing at this time and his post as chief ski instructor had fallen open at Mont Tremblant The job was offered to McCulloch at Sun Valley and he accepted eagerly

Then occurred a sad note up which deprived Canada of her greatest skier for the 1952 Olympics As in most other sports the difference between a professional and an amateur in skiing is obscure The Fédération Internationale de Ski (called FIS for short) is the governing body which determines the status of a skier It has ruled that a skier who lends his name to an article of ski equipment is a professional but it has been very elastic about this ruling and about other means of gainful employment in the sport Practically all the top skiers in Europe teach skiing But to qualify them for the Olympics, FIS decreed that if they did not teach ninety days before the event they would be able to compete.

The Canadian Amateur Ski Association learning of this ruling put up a stiff fight for the qualification of Bud Richardson who had been instructing at Tremblant The Canadian Olympic Committee reluctantly consented to his inclusion after much palaver But no one thought to tell McCulloch about it until the Olympics were eighty days away So he was not eligible for the Olympics. Thus Canada lost its big chance for her first almost certain point winner Henri Oreiller who sponsors a ski boot and James Cottet who had just published a book on skiing both competed for France.

McCulloch bitterly disappointed blames no one for the mix up and holds no ill feeling But many other Canadian ski enthusiasts feel quite differently about it

The 1952 season did however, offer Ernie a chance to stack himself up against the Olympic winners when he went to Stowe Vt to compete in the International and national downhill championship which he won against the two Olympic champions, Ericksen and Schneider He also went on to win the Harriman Cup at Sun Valley for the second successive time And in Canada he added the Quebec Kandahar, the downhill, slalom and combined title the Mount Baldy title and the Laurentian Zone championship.

Ernie thinks that as a racer he cannot stay at his peak for much more than a month so he takes his training gradually to point himself for that month in which most of the important competitions take place Before the season opens he runs up Tremblants south slope two or three times in a week "just so I won't get soft" In December, January and February he does about ninety minutes of intensive skiing each day after he has spent his mornings and early afternoons moving from class to class on the slopes teaching and helping the dozen instructors who work under his supervision

He spends his summers as a sports director with particular emphasis on water sports, and his brief vacations in spring and autumn hunting and fishing His weight varies between 155 and 160 pounds and goes down to 150 during the racing season He is five feet eight inches tall

A great deal of McCulloch's physical endurance comes from his early career as a paddler Between 1942 and 1947 he ranked as one of Canada's top paddlers. He says paddling is a tougher sport.

He trains alone for the big ski events because he says he cannot find the kind of top competition around him that he has to face below the border He eats boiled eggs for breakfast and eats away plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables as well as steaks. When he has dessert it is usually custard

According to his mother he was always a scrapper when he first came to Tremblant he continued this tradition by being willing to trade punches on the least provocation But when he returned from the United States, this belligerence had been concentrated along the more productive channels of competitive skiing

At Tremblant he shares a two roomed cabin with Wade Hampton ski patrol director and descendant of the Confederate general of the same name The cabin is in a state of perpetual disorder Its walls are adorned with ski action photos three moose horns, and a poster about four feet square of a seductively draped nude topped by a placard "Welcome Home, Ernie"

McCulloch's activities as ski-school director of Mount Tremblant Lodge in winter and sports director in summer keep him busy the year round for in the off season he travels over the eastern United States and Canada showing promotional films for the lodge When he gets his week a holiday in the spring and in the autumn, he usually goes right back to Three Rivers to go hunting with Mo

Ernie likes to tell how his mother took one of their friends Bill MacDougall out to their fishing cabin When they started off Bill gallantly took the heavier pack of sixty pounds leaving Mo the thirty pound pack After a half hour through the bush he was exhausted Mo changed packs, and insisted on toting the big one Ernie says with a grin Of course she was in better shape than Bill

Ernie's glamorous role as a champion skier and leading ski instructor makes him legitimate prey for the feminine vacationer So far he has escaped any permanent attachment He has skied with Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Ella Raines and other movie stars But he best remembers Lex Barker the screen Tarzan "He liked to ski with me" Ernie relates, "and no matter how tough the slope was he would follow The only trouble was that he couldn't stop and I got tired of having two hundred and forty pounds of boss and muscle landing on me every time I pulled up to wait for him So I got into the habit of tucking behind the biggest tree I could find when I stopped That discouraged him"

Ernie's toughest ordeal with Barker however was back in the cafeteria dining room He would order a whole tray of pastry and say Let's you and me hoist these off eh? I was good for two or three but he never stopped till the last one was gone What an appetite"

It is doubtful though that the personality has yet been born who could impress Ernie McCulloch very much He is so sure of himself and his role in skiing that at a recent annual meeting of the registered ski instructors a skit poked fun at Ernie with the refrain Eye-eye yi-eye But his cockiness has such a solid basis of achievement behind it that few people really resent it

Ernie gives himself two more years of competitive skiing and he knows exactly what he wants to do in those two years

"I want to go back to Sun Valley this year and win the Harriman Cup for the third time That would be a record Dick Durrance won it three times but not in straight years I keep it if I win three times Then in 1954 I want to go to Sweden to compete in the world championships I've never had a chance to ski in Europe and I'd like to prove to myself that I could take these boys in their own back yard ★



Wonderful to be greeted at the start of a holiday and twice wonderful to know there's another welcome waiting in the friendly greeting of Calvert House. Smooth, delightful, light-bodied, it's a Canadian Whisky you'll thoroughly enjoy!

CALVERT HOUSE
Canadian Whisky
Calvert Distillers Limited, Amherstburg, Ontario



Perfect pictures with

SYLVANIA BLUE DOT FLASHBULBS

The Blue Dot on each Sylvania Flashbulb is your absolute assurance that the bulb will flash when you want it. Get the Blue Dot for sure shots. There's a Sylvania Flashbulb for every type of camera.

SYLVANIA

ELECTRIC (CANADA) LTD.

Manufacturers of Fluorescent, Incandescent and Photoflash Lamps

Head Office and Plants: Drummondville, Que. • General Sales Office: Montreal, Que.

Don't Be A Martyr To

RHEUMATIC AND ARTHRITIC PAINS

Thousands Report Relief Beyond Belief

If you suffer from pains of arthritis or rheumatism — read these facts: FACT ONE—The best known most widely used formula in all the world for direct, long lasting relief from such pains is the DOLCIN formula. FACT TWO—thousands of victims of arthritis, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago and neuritis report DOLCIN tablets gave them fast, comforting relief from these pains. FACT THREE—DOLCIN tablets are safe — harmless to the heart or any other organ.





If you want to get results get DOLCIN tablets without delay. Take them as directed. See how quickly this useful, tested medication starts bringing relief.

Every day—mail pours in from grateful users telling that information about DOLCIN a remarkable pain-relieving action be sent to suffering relatives and friends. DOLCIN GETS RESULTS.

Benefit By The Experience Of So Many Others

More than a *thousand million* DOLCIN tablets have been used. DOLCIN MUST BE GOOD. Don't postpone relief from pain! Go to your druggist today. Ask him for DOLCIN. You don't need a prescription. See for yourself how wonderful this can be once the pain stops. Be sure to insist on the *original* and *genuine* DOLCIN. Only DOLCIN gives you this special, direct relief from pains of arthritis and rheumatism.

DOLCIN

World's Best-Known Product for Relief of Pains of Arthritis, Rheumatism

DOLCIN is the registered trademark of this product. Patented 1943

FREE FOLDER: Would you like more information about the well-known DOLCIN formula? If so, send a postcard with your name and address to DOLCIN LIMITED, Dept. MZ 36-48 Caledonia Road, Toronto 10, Canada. An informative folder will be mailed to you at once.

What's So Funny About Glasses?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

who wore glasses were always the maiden aunts in school plays. Big girls who wore glasses were always maiden aunts.

Then about fifteen or twenty years ago American humorist Dorothy Parker wrote: "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses." Bespectacled females, realizing what they were missing, groped along streets for a while, stumbling over mailboxes and hydrants, half blind but unblemished by drab frames. Unfortunately they often passed up eligible young men because they wouldn't see them.

They were saved by the new plastics and a subsequent wave of glamour frames. Today spectacles are trimmed in scores of tints and shades in plaids, pin stripes, hound's-tooth checks and mottled effects, studded with brilliants, metal inlay or tiny plastic flower clusters.

For about five dollars a girl can frame her eyes with plastic for five hundred she can do it with solid gold and for around ten thousand she can go for diamonds.

Small jeweled clips, which can be worn on a gown, unfold into lorgnettes. These sometimes come in sets: one for distance vision, one for reading—so that at plays or banquets a woman can read her program or mann with one lorgnette idea count the house at spy on her friends with the other. There's a gold pencil which, at the flick of a catch, fires a lorgnette from its barrel.

Women can now match their spectacles to their hair, their lipstick, their complexions, and their clothing. A bride in the States once asked an optometrist to install a sample of her lingerie in her frames. There are even mother and-daughter sets.

Spectacles must nowadays be cosmetically correct. Sybil Whalen, salon manager for a Canadian branch of the Helena Rubinstein organization, says, "If your face is large with a rather square jaw, a heavy frame on your glasses balances the strong lines of your face. A small frame of lighter hue is more becoming on a small oval or round face."

Extroverts can wear flashy frames, says Miss Whalen, but shy types should stick to inconspicuous glasses. Bespectacled women must wear waterproof mascara, in case the glasses steam up, avoid clashing costume jewelry with dazzling frames, and never let their noses become red or shiny.

Cliff Shorney, a Toronto optician whose firm claims the largest assortment of frames in Canada, and has furnished Canadian governmen general with glasses since Lord Tweedsmuir, says, "You can't change a woman's ideas about glasses but you have to try to guide them, make them think your suggestions are their own ideas." Shorney, with Gus Blacker, a leading New York optician, who once supplied the Aga Khan with fifty pairs of spectacles, were pioneers in the art of cosmetic fittings about fifteen years ago.

Students of spectacles psychology often scoff at people who wear glasses for effect, aspiring young businessmen with dark aggressive frames, college professors with aloof spectacles that lend themselves to waving in gestures, insurance salesmen in rimless lenses that twinkle in a friendly reassuring fashion.

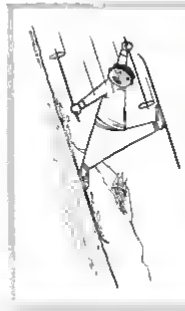
But Shorney, who fits frames to a man's personality, says they actually do influence people's opinion of you. Professional men who are short on forcefulness get substantial rugged frames rather than rimless or flesh colored lenses. Several young lawyers have requested plain glass spectacles which they use in court to accent their heads and cover up nervousness.

An industrialist who'd worn rimless spectacles all his life tried the aggressive dark frames for a change and was amazed at the new respect he and his glasses generated. "These are the greatest substitute for brains I've ever seen," he told Shorney.

F. J. Fisher, dean of the Ontario College of Optometry, once had a patient who wore glasses but didn't need them. As an experiment, unknown to her, he fitted her with clear glass lenses having an correction. She was perfectly happy with them until one day the lenses broke. Then immediately complained of eye trouble.

"People like that may merely imagine they need glasses," says Fisher. "Or again, their eyes may be slightly sensitive to light. Glass only transmits ninety-two percent light and possibly spectacles make their eyes more comfortable."

Eye examinations are made by ophthalmologists, oculists and optometrists. Ophthalmologists and oculists are medical doctors who have taken postgraduate work in eye diseases and ophthalmologists specialize in surgery. Optometrists are in the paramedical category, but have graduated from schools of optometry and are trained to test vision and prescribe corrective lenses which they dispense themselves. Like eye doctors, they may prescribe eye exercises. Experts say such exercises help fifteen percent of the people whose eyes are bothering them.



TRACK!

Quite frankly I have slender hopes
Of skimming down the steeper slopes
In fast, on very minor hills
I often manage major spills.
I hit the trail where there are stones
I'm backward with my herring bones
I seldom straight. My jumps are twisty—
My ankles find me a no Christie.
Yes, I'm unable to do Christie
I know plow, herding with my shin
I seldom miss a tree, and most of
The time I've nothing much to boast of
When skiing is the sport I'm going,
I'm modest — almost self-effacing.

U. J. BLACKWELL

For small space ...and modest budget

a CRANE economy bathroom

is smart... convenient... and very practical!





In the small modern home economical fixtures (like those shown above, for example) provide a bathroom that's compact, neat and simple—yet with the lasting convenience and dependability of Crane quality throughout.

Tub, wash basin and toilet can be counted on for lasting usefulness. They have a gleaming beauty that endures. They are quickly, easily cleaned. Here they are shown in an inexpensive setting that is simple, attractive and practical.

A more elaborate installation is shown at left—with fixtures also from the Crane line, in which you will find a complete variety of materials, designs and sizes from which to choose, and a range of eight attractive colours as well as white.

Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor for details.

For every home — for every budget

CRANE

the preferred plumbing and heating

CRANE LIMITED:

General Office
1170 Beaver Hall Square,
Montreal
6 Canadian Factories
18 Canadian Branches

1-3308













Still Time for "Off-Season" Low Fares to Europe via B·O·A·C

The BEAVER

MONTREAL-GLASGOW

$375.10 *Round Trip*

MONTREAL-LONDON

$409.30 *Round Trip*

Only B.O.A.C. Flies World-Famous Constellations from Montreal to Glasgow and London at this lowest transatlantic air fare ever offered. And you enjoy the peace of mind that comes from B.O.A.C.'s 10 years of transatlantic experience.

SAVE $67.70 on the round trip if your return before April 1st. You'll enjoy this truly top flight tourist service. Tempting B.O.A.C. meals served at moderate cost.

Through Bookings—One Ticket all the Way via London to 75 key cities of Europe. Similar off season savings to those centres too. See your travel agent — your railway ticket office — or B.O.A.C.

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Fly B·O·A·C — MONTREAL, TORONTO + VANCOUVER

Come to Britain in Coronation Year



OFF THE BEATEN TRACK. Come and explore historic hospitable Britain. Above is the picturesque village of Kersey, Suffolk, with its 15th century church.

Coronation year in Britain! From early Spring to late Fall a year of colour and pageantry, crowded with Royal occasions. Wherever you come, whichever you go — in England, Scotland, Northern Ireland or Wales — this is the year of years to visit old-world Britain! Food is plentiful in hotels and restaurants, in Britain. Favourable exchange rates give you dollars extra value in shops, hotels, theatres and on transportation. Plan your trip now—make inquiries regarding early reservations—without delay. For literature and all information about Britain see your travel agent—or write direct to The British Travel Association, (Dept. MM5) 577 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. or 552 Dominion Square Building, Montreal, P.Q.

Come to Britain

and enable some of these people to avoid glasses. Until recently opticians were not allowed to use homatropine, a drug which dilates the pupil and permits a more detailed examination. That is because homatropine is harmful if dropped into eyes affected by certain diseases. But according to the Canadian Association of Optometrists ninety-six per cent of all Canadian eyes problems are remedied, and optometrists do seventy per cent of the eye testing. Opticians dispense lenses but can't examine eyes. They work in conjunction with ophthalmologists and oculists, filling their prescriptions and their relation to eye doctors is similar to that of druggists to other medical practitioners.

Spectacles lenses start as crystal clear blanks of glass about an inch and a half square. Optical goods manufacturers heat these blanks and stamp out rough lenses which are roughed roughly, ground on the convex side with diamond or emery wheels, polished for hours with jewellers rouge, inspected individually for flaws, their ground on the concave side checked for proper power, packaged for distribution.

When a prescription is to be filled, the lenses are cut to the size and shape of the frame and the edges bevelled. Then the plastic frames are warmed or heat until they expand enough to let the lens slip into place.

Most glasses wearers wonder if even this process justifies the price of spectacles. In 1948 an Combines Investigation Commission examining charges against the manufacture and sale of optical goods in Canada found that the combine no longer existed but that prices were still extremely high. At that time plastic frames with lenses that cost the retailer $4.20 were sold for ten to fifteen dollars. Today optometrists say their laboratory bill for an average pair of single vision spectacles in plastic frames is approximately ten or eleven dollars. They charge a customer this plus their fee of about ten to fifteen dollars for examination and fitting.

In Ontario you can still walk into a five-and-ten and buy glasses for as little as thirty nine cents. However in most cases, these lenses are merely magnifiers or reducers, says an optical firm. They will not correct such visual defects as astigmatism. In at least one case the customer tests his new glasses by reading a page from the dictionary.

Naturally, skilled workmanship and examination by a trained professional man should rest upon just how much more is what all the shouting's about when people start attacking or defending the high cost of theaters.

There is some doubt about whether Salvino Armato the man named on the tombstone in Florence actually invented spectacles but they did come into use during his day. Unmounted lenses were known earlier and before glassmaking was discovered were made of quartz.

In Rome around 50 AD, Emperor Nero's eyes were so bad that he tired of squinting every time he went to the fights. So he mounted a concave emerald on a burnished gold handle and watched his gladiators through the world's first lorgnette.

The invention of printing in the fifteenth century stimulated reading and created a demand for glasses—but the science of refraction was still unknown. British peddlers sold spectacles for two to four farthings each. Queen Anne, last of the English Stuarts, had a costume tailor and a former pearlmaker for opticians.

Around 1600 the monocle appeared. Originally it was designed for army officers who by regulation couldn't wear spectacles; then it became a mark of



fashion. Opticians today estimate that no more than twenty monocles a year are sold in Canada.

In 1784 Benjamin Franklin invented bifocals. But astigmatic refraction was still a century away. Seventy years later Abraham Lincoln was able to walk into a Illinois jewelry shop and pick up a pair of glasses for thirty seven and a half cents in the days when American round half cents.

Although contact lenses have been heralded as the successors to spectacles they still present many problems. Contact lenses are smooth unirritating plastic molded to the contour of the eye and are practically invisible in use. There are lenses which fit under the eyelid and cover the entire eye and smaller corneal lenses which adhere by suction to the central portion of the eye.

But they are not easy to wear. Dean Fisher of the Ontario College of Optometry has worn contact lenses for the last twelve years, alternating them with his spectacles.

"Wearing contact lenses is not the end of all eyeglass inconvenience," says Fisher. "Perseverance is essential when you begin to wear them. You have to wear contacts for only about one hour the first day and gradually build up to longer periods. But the maximum promise that can be safely made is that contact lenses can be worn an average of four or five hours at a time, no more."

Science and the optical trade are striving to make spectacles wearers love their glasses in spite of these loses. Lenses may now be rubbed with tissues, liquids or grease sticks which are said to prevent misting for several hours. In the U.S. you can now buy spectacles with periscope-style prismatic lenses which enable you to lounge flat on your back, look toward the ceiling and still read the book on your chest or watch TV across the room.

One manufacturer puts out a shatterproof lens forty times the strength of ordinary glass. In tests, it withstands the impact of a five-eighths-inch steel ball dropped three feet, and each pair of spectacles carries a Lloyd's of London five-thousand-dollar policy covering injuries resulting if the lens shatters.

England has a bifocal with its close vision segment hinged to the frame like a swinging door. To get unobstructed full distance vision you simply swing the bifocal piece aside.

In keeping with the times University of Pittsburgh chemists have developed spectacles glass which repels atomic rays while a professor at the University of Sydney maintains that a good pair of glasses will prevent most people from seeing flying saucers. Saucers he says, may be just spots before their eyes.

But science can't do much about women who force their spectacles into bulging handbags or about the man who came to a Toronto optician recently with flattened frames and no lenses whatsoever.

"How could you possibly manage to break both lenses completely?" asked the optician.

The customer hung his head. "They fell out of my pocket and I backed over them with the car." ★

75 YEARS AGO

Household Finance Corporation made its first small loan



That was in 1878

In Canada our loan service started in 1928 and this year we are celebrating 25 years of serving people in all walks of life. We have seen our service endorsed by social-economic and political leaders as essential to our society.

From one office we have now grown to 145 branch offices in the 10 Provinces of Canada. We provide our constantly expanding money service to more people than any other company of its kind in the world.

75th YEAR

MONEY WHEN YOU NEED IT

HFC HOUSEHOLD FINANCE Corp. of Canada

SERVING THE FAMILY SINCE 1928

PRINTED IN CANADA 930

CHEVROLET

Startlingly New...Wonderfully Different!

3 Great New Series

CHEVROLET FOR 1953

In all fairness, we'd better give you this friendly warning: Allow yourself plenty of time when you stop in at your Chevrolet dealer's to see the new Chevrolet.

For there are *so many* wonderful new things you'll want to look over and learn about. The 16 beautiful models in 3 great new series, offering the widest selection in the low-price field. The superb new Chevrolet styling, outside and in. The great advances in power, performance and economy of operation. The new Powerglide,* the new Power Steering,* the new features everywhere.

So go prepared for the most exciting and rewarding visit you ever made to an automobile showroom. Go prepared to see a Chevrolet so far *ahead* of its field that you'd never guess it's the lowest-priced line *in* its field!

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



THE "TWO-TEN" SERIES

Dramatic new styling and advanced new features in seven models: 2-Door Sedan, 4-Door Sedan (illustrated), Club Coupe, Sport Coupe, Convertible, and two Station Wagons—The Townsman and the "Two-Ten" Handyman.



THE SEL AIR SERIES

An entirely new kind of Chevrolet to be compared only with higher-priced cars. Four models: 2-Door Sedan, 4-Door Sedan (illustrated), Sport Coupe, Convertible.



THE "ONE-FIFTY" SERIES

Lowest-priced of all quality cars. Five models. 2-Door Sedan, 4-Door Sedan (illustrated), Club Coupe, Business Coupe, and the "One-Fifty" Handyman.

Entirely All-New through and through!

entirely new styling with new Fashion-First Bodies by Fisher . . . entirely new high-compression power with 115-h.p. "Blue Flame" engine in Powerglide* models . . . 108-h.p. "Thrift-Kieg" engine in gearshift models . . . entirely new economy with important savings in gasoline and upkeep . . . entirely new Powerglide* with faster getaway, more miles per gallon . . . entirely new safety with finer brakes, greater visibility . . . entirely new durability with heavier, stronger construction . . . entirely new Power Steering,* for miraculous driving ease.

*Optional at extra cost. Combination of Powerglide automatic transmission and 115 h.p. "Blue Flame" engine available in "Two-Ten" and Sel Air models. Power Steering available on Powerglide equipped models.

Busy people pause for Coke





You hear people say,
"Coca-Cola has been a favourite
in our family for four generations"
Such acceptance comes only
from quality you can trust
Its flavour—unique and inimitable—
is blended of good things
from nine sunny climes Have a Coke
and enjoy happy, *refreshing* moments.



You trust its quality

PROMPTLY & REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

COCA-COLA LTD.

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

drive from Liverpool to London and it took me eighteen hours Not only were there no signs at the crossroads but the inhabitants who had been warned would not give any assistance

How can the socialists find the road to power? What have they to offer which will induce the electorate to throw out the Conservatives? The welfare state has been established but it was supported and in fact originated as an idea by the Tories. I do not doubt that the socialists created it more swiftly and on a bigger scale than we would have done but the issue simply does not divide the parties

To the eternal credit of the Labour Party in power, it brought in conscription and pledged Britain to full participation in the defense of Western Europe Fate moves in a mysterious way and perhaps the most fortunate thing that could have happened was the sweeping victory of the socialists in 1945 If we had won that election it is probable that the socialists aided by the trade unions would have opposed conscription as a Tory plan to destroy the rights of the individual Conscription is not a thing that can be effectively carried merely by a majority in the division lobbies it must have the broad support of all parties

The same thing applies to the huge sums voted for rearmament Attlee's Government which introduced this strong peacetime measure had the full support of the Tories If the situation had been reversed it is by no means certain that we would have had similar collaboration from the socialists and the trade unions

But now the Labour Party is faced with a problem that is entirely new and which is menacing their whole future as an alternative government to the Tories.

No alliance could have seemed less likely to break up than that of the Labour Party and the trade unions They were born of the same mother linked by a common outlook and tradition While the trade unions fought the day-to-day battle with the employers for better pay and conditions, the Labour Party fought the battle for political supremacy Because the socialists backed the funds on which the Conservatives can always rely the trade unions and the co-operative societies had to be the providers of finance.

It is one of the weaknesses of all left-wing parties that they become intoxicated with slogans. On their way to power the socialists put in the forefront of their propaganda battle the cry "We must control the means of production and distribution" These are fine words that make sweet music For a party in Opposition waging war against the selfishness of capitalism nothing could be better

At this point I must remind you of a cynical saying in the days when I was a young fellow in Canada and there was a great mining boom in the Cobalt district of northern Ontario

Many a good mine has been ruined by sinking a shaft To the innocents I would explain that as long as a mine was unproved you could sell shares in it for money but when the shaft proved that there was no ore the game was up

When the socialists came to power in 1945 they had to be true to their slogans They nationalized the railways, road transport iron and steel as well as the mines, gas and electricity undertakings To give them credit they paid adequate compensation but the final result was that the State became the biggest employer

Then what role was left to the trade unions? It is true that some of their leaders were given well paid jobs on the nationalized boards and quite rightly—while a few were awarded knighthoods and peerages In that the socialists did not differ in principle from the Conservatives or Liberals To the victors the spoils!

But what was left for the trade unions to do? Their party was in power and controlled a vast area of services and production You cannot strike against the State because that would be treason and when trade unionism can no longer threaten a strike you have a lion without teeth

Aneurin Bevan saw his opportunity in this impasse Choosing his moment and relying on the deep-seated pacifism of the Labour movement he resigned as a minister on the grounds that the nation could not bear the burden of rearmament which Attlee's Government had forced upon the nation With him went Harold Wilson who had been president of the board of trade as well as a brilliant junior minister named Freeman and a number of private MPs.

Unfortunately for himself and his supporters Aneurin is not English he is Welsh In moments of crisis the Welsh are dominated by their emotions In moments of crisis the English fly into a deep calm Faced by the Bevan revolt Attlee's Government did not shift its stance by so much as an inch It would carry out its measures for defense and rearmament quite unperturbed by the Bevan rebellion. Needless to say Attlee had the firm support of the Tories in his policy

But if Bevan was losing the battle in parliament he was winning it in the constituencies His fiery eloquence was just what the extremist Labour voters were wanting Everyone felt that when the great showdown took place at the annual Labour Party Conference with the party and the trade unions gathered together Bevan would sweep the board with his candidates for the national executive And he did I went north to see the fun and it was well worth the journey

But Bevan the Welshman had not counted on the solid British sobriety of the trade unions. Men like Arthur Deakin and Sir Will Lawther who had risen from the ranks to great power in the unions denounced the Bevanites as hysterical relics of the dead past. "Trade unionism has won its battle" roared Deakin. We now have our

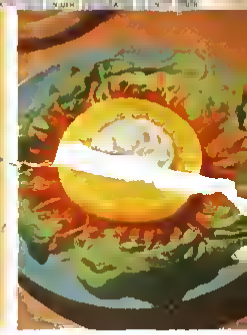


You'd better come in and try hello — they're staying to supper

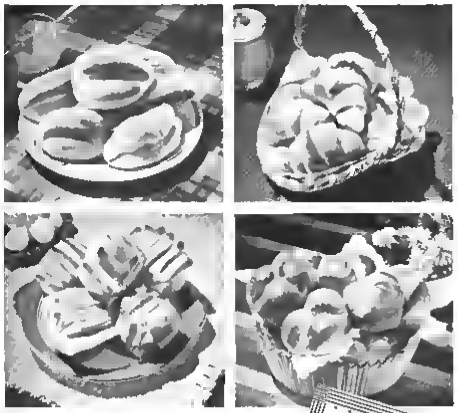


Be sure it's
HAWAIIAN—
Be sure it's
DOLE

Versatile is the word for luscious, crisp-cut DOLE Crushed Pineapple! Tidy bermuda Hawaii Savoy is distinctly DOLE! Savor it in sparkling Juice sherry Chunks and tender Tidbits! A golden DOLE Pineapple Slice with a hole [illegible] grated carrot topped with tangy mayonnaise.



4 delicious treats ...make them from One Basic Dough!





It's amazingly simple with wonderful active dry yeast!

If you bake at home, first get the wonderful things it can do with Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast! Serve fragrant rolls or fancy breads at dinner from a single batch! Always get Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast — it stays *fresh* in your cupboard, and acts *fast* in your dough!

Needs no Refrigeration

BASIC ROLL DOUGH

Scald
1 cup milk
5 tablespoons granulated sugar
2½ teaspoons salt
4 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat, and cool to lukewarm.
In the mixing bowl, dissolve
½ cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of
1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast
Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well; stir in cooled milk mixture and
½ cup lukewarm water
Stir in
3 cups once-sifted cereal flour
and beat until smooth and elastic; work in
3 cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and let dough rise in warm place, free from draught, until bulk doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board to ¼ inch thickness; cut into rounds with 2½ inch cutter. Brush with melted butter; fold each round slightly off centre so that one side is somewhat larger than the other; press firmly with dull side of knife a little to one side of centre (do not cut through). Fold larger piece over smaller half and press firmly. Place each roll on greased cookie sheet. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven (400°) about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

2. CLOVER LEAF ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 9 equal-sized pieces; roll each piece into a little ball. Place 3 balls in each greased muffin cup. Brush with melted butter; cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven (400°) about 12 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

3. FAN TANS

Roll out one portion of dough lightly to ⅛ inch thickness; cut into rectangles about 3 inches wide and 5 inches long. Brush with melted butter; fold each rectangle in half crosswise. Cut through folded dough at 1 inch intervals, leaving 1 inch uncut at folded edge. Pile 6 layers of these strips together; cut through all layers at once. Place each pile cut side down in greased muffin cup; separate the layers a little in the cup. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven (400°) about 15 minutes. Makes 8 rolls.

4. CRESCENT ROLLS

Roll out one portion of dough on lightly-floured board into a circle about 9 inches in diameter. Brush with melted butter; cut into 12 pie-shaped wedges. Roll up each wedge, beginning at the outside and rolling toward the point. Arrange, well apart, on greased cookie sheet; bend ends to form crescent shape. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, (400°), about 12 minutes. Makes 12 rolls.

responsibility to the State. A lot of you are shouting your heads off now if we were back to the struggle of the 1890s.

Winston Churchill (although far away in London) heard this new note. He gave a dinner at No. 10 Downing Street for a visiting delegation and among his guests were four trade union leaders. Behind this was, generally, not the plain fact that in the regime of the present Conservative Government there has been less labor trouble than in any similar period when the socialists were in power.

In what I have written today I have tried to be as objective as possible. Since the war I have visited Canada and the U.S. many times and have spoken to audiences from coast to coast. When the socialists were in power I never failed to give them credit for the good things that they did and I heartily despised any Briton who went abroad and maligned his own government.

Therefore it is in no spirit of propaganda that I now state that the Labour Party is faced with a difficult dilemma. In many ways its task is dark. Let us admit to its credit that it quickened the social conscience of Great Britain. By its sense of responsibility it made the workers accept the burdens of world defense. Yet in doing these things it did great harm by propaganda which caused the ordinary British worker to feel that the State owed more to him than he owed to the State.

Bevan Would Give Blood

The trade unions will never make an alliance with the Tories, which is as it should be. The trade unions of Britain have won for independent place in the community as a mighty estate ready to take their stand beside the Monarchy, Parliament, the Church, the Press and the Courts. As Arthur Deakin said, they owe a responsibility to the nation.

Now, if I may repeat the metaphor, the servitudes have reached a crossroads and there are no signs to guide them. On the other hand there is the grim history of European politics to remind them that Socialism with its well-meaning philosophy paved the way for Communism, Nazism and Fascism. Perhaps today is covered with the corpses of Socialist parties.

If, as the immutable law of political life that when error pays given birth to another, the mother always dies. Liberalism gave birth to Communism and today Liberalism in Britain is truly a ghost that haunts the chamber when the lights have gone out. And in the course of time Socialism gave birth to the dictatorships that terrorize the world today, and the mother has never recovered from the ordeal of childbirth.

Can the Labour Party of Britain be saved by a blood transfusion? Bevan says "Yes" and offers to give his own rich red blood for the purpose. Or can the socialists become a new responsible liberal party offering themselves as an alternative to the Conservatives? If that happened the Conservatives would be the only winner in the battle of the older parties. Even the trade unions with their firm sense of responsibility to the State will be harnessed by the marauding raids of the Bevanite irregulars.

So we come to your unanswered question. Will the Conservatives in their turn give birth to some new party and die in the process? No, sir. No modern. The Conservative Party is fortunately sterile and has no progeny. That is the reason for its immortality. In Opposition or in power the Conservatives will remain a dominating political influence for a long, long time. ★

HOLIDAY your way to EUROPE

White Empress Style



Your vacation begins the moment you come aboard your Canadian Pacific White Empress ship at Saint John, N.B. Ahead are seven leisurely, luxurious days . . . a fitting entree to Britain and the Continent. White Empress staffs have a way of making your voyage memorable . . . with superb service, world-famous meals and snacks. The White Empress ships are noted for their spacious, panelled public lounges, movies, entertainment, and airy, comfortable staterooms. *Please book early.*

EMPRESS OF CANADA — Feb. 25, Mar. 25
EMPRESS OF FRANCE — Mar. 17, Apr. 8
First Class $222 up • Tourist $152 up

SPECIAL
PRE-CORONATION & EASTER SAILING
EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND
From NEW YORK Mar. 27th—
First Class $246 up • Tourist $156 up

Assistance with passports and full information from any Canadian Pacific office or your own travel agent

Canadian Pacific
RELAX MORE—TRAVEL BY SHIP

Sonia Was a Spy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

and all spoke excellent French. Most of them were born in the United Kingdom but they were reinforced by officers from Greece, Mauritius, the Seychelles Islands and other French speaking corners of the Commonwealth. In the words of General Sir Frederick Morgan, the planner of D Day, they "piled themselves each individually in for a very personal, deadly combat against all the powers of Nazi darkness."

This valiant band organized and created the Maquis to speed the final annihilation of the Wehrmacht. The most famous among its members was Odette Churchill, GC, whose exploits were made into a film three years ago. More than a hundred and fifty of them, including a score of women, died in battle or in the concentration camps of Buchenwald and Ravensbrueck.

As Sonia waited for an interview Paddy O'Sullivan, her former fellow clerk, passed through the outer room. Paddy ignored her and Sonia made no gesture of recognition. A few minutes later she was given a rigorous French test. Before she left Sonia was advised to say nothing of the interview to anyone. She spent the week end with her father in a London suburb. "Seen anybody interesting today?" he asked her. Sonia says: "I went dumb on him and he nodded gloomily."

Two weeks later she was transferred from the WAAF into the FANY, the Field Army Nursing Yeomanry, the elite of women volunteers who wore khaki but whose rank was kept concealed. She was put into a station wagon with drawn blinds and driven to an old horse in Surrey. Here she met other new arrivals, including Gerard Arlois. He were parachute wings and had come from the Canadian Special Service Force in the Aleutian Islands.

Within a few hours they were calling their new quarters the Barney Bin. They had to unravel puzzles for a psychiatrist they irreverently dubbed the "trick cyclist." Officials asked them snap questions like "How many windows in the east wing of this house?" Both men and girls climbed trees, jumped from high walls, crossed rivers on ropes and wriggled through obstacle courses. They were all women included, largely how to strangle a sheep, gut a rabbit and break a man's neck before he could scream.

In the mess they were encouraged to drink red. Knew that great interest was taken in their capacity. After one heavy session Sonia woke up to find an officer sitting at her bedside. He was there to hear whether she talked in her dreams and if so in what language. All mealtimes all conversation was in French. Those who made bad slips soon vanished. Anybody who left his knife and fork resting together on the plate English style instead of apart French style was rebuked. They were not allowed to leave the grounds or make a telephone call. All their mail was censored.

Still in the same squad Sonia and Guy went to another camp in the Midlands, nicknamed the Cookery School. They mixed explosives from household acids and demolished bits of railroad track and trees. They learned the art of pulling abrasives in piston housings and safe boxes. During booby trap training a degree of levity was fostered. Thus when the instructors drew up their rhubarb table, opened their bureau drawers or lifted windows they were frequently shaken by miniature explosions. Even toilets were sometimes booby trapped.

On the west coast of Scotland Sonia and Guy made twenty five-mile hikes over the mountains in snow and fog, reporting en route to observer check points which they found by map and compass. They also had to master radio communications and the Morse code. They rode bicycles and motorbikes and drove every kind of vehicle on wheels.

When they went on to the Parachute School at Ringway, near Manchester, they knew they were getting hot. Before Guy the jumping was easy. Sonia found it hair raising but she never balked. As she was about to make her fifth and final practice jump she turned green in the aircraft and looked into Guy's eyes. Then she gave him a wicked wink. When they hit the ground a few seconds later Guy proposed and Sonia accepted.

Early in 1944 they were sent to a comfortable hotel in Weymouth Street, in London's West End and they knew things were getting hot. They wanted to go to France together and with the idea of clinching this prospect got married. It was the worst thing they could have done. Quietly Buckmaster



"I'd love to show you to Heinz today!"

We are proud that so many thousands of mothers give Heinz so much credit for helping their babies grow bouncing and big. But it's no wonder babies thrive on Heinz Baby Foods. Such an abundance of thought and care and skill goes into their preparation . . . and such a heap of good, good food. The finest Heinz Pre-Cooked Cereals are made from the choicest grains. And the wonderfully wide range of Heinz Strained Baby Foods and Heinz Junior Foods put the best of nourishing meat and vegetables, fruits and desserts into baby's tummy. Feed *your* baby digestible, natural-flavour Heinz Baby Foods and watch the pounds pile up.

Canada's best-selling Baby Foods are HEINZ



informed them that a joint mission was out of the question. Sonia bristled and said if she were not allowed to accompany Guy she would exercise her right which obtained up to the moment of embarking of throwing up the job.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but that is your decision." He apologized for appearing melodramatic and explained that in the event of their capture the Germans would have no compunction in tortering them in front of each other for information. The lives of hundreds of others would then be jeopardized. Sonia says that a feeling like a little frozen mouse" ran up her spine. But she knew she couldn't back down now. She bowed to Headmaster's decision and said she was sorry. A few days later Guy disappeared.

Sonia was then given four foolscap pages of single-space typing to memorize. It was packed with names, dates, times and places. The orders were set out in cold military fashion under the headings: Information, Intention, Method, Administration, Intercommunication. Today she keeps a copy of them together with all the forged documents she carried.

She was bound for the Department of Sarthe, at the huge of Normandy and Brittany. Its capital, one hundred and forty-five miles southwest of Paris, was Le Mans, an industrial town of about a hundred thousand surrounded by rolling, thickly wooded country. Nazi Le Mans, Rommel had set up his anti-invasion headquarters. The presence of so many German troops in the area had intimidated most of the population and recruits for the Maquis were hard to find.

A few months earlier another agent, Captain Christopher Hudson, had jumped into the area under the code name Albin. He was a regular British officer, aged around thirty-five, who had been educated in Switzerland. Sonia, under the code name Blanche, would be Hudson's courier. Three slender missions before theirs had failed to raise any effective Maquis. One mission had been wiped out.

Sonia would have forged identity and ration cards in the name of Suzanne Bonvie. Her rendezvous with Hudson would be a small chateau on the outskirts of Le Mans. The chateau was owned by a young Maquisard whose real name was Bonvie. Sonia's cover story was that she was Bonvie's cousin come to visit him because her parents in the north of France had been killed and their home demolished by British bombers. Care had been taken to ensure that all records in the town where her fictitious parents were supposed to have lived had been destroyed by a Maquis raid. Sonia recalls thinking: "What a lot of trouble they go to!"

But there was more. She was given a bundle containing four afternoon frocks, two sports outfits, six pairs of real silk stockings, gaudy wedge shoes and fluffy underwear, all made in France and in keeping with the upper-middle class standards to which she supposedly had been raised.

They also gave her a money belt containing two hundred thousand francs at that time worth four thousand dollars. After the war she would have to account for her expenditures. The bills were undetectable forgeries made by currency printers in England. A note had been made of all the numbers and after the war Britain would call them in and give the owners genuine cash in exchange. Sonia could spend as much as she liked providing it remained in keeping with her role. When she needed more money she was to ask Hudson and he would get it for her. Meanwhile two hundred thousand francs was as much as she could carry without bulging around the waist.

She was also given three separate addresses in neutral Madrid to which she could write in code if the heat was on and she needed to escape. Then a Lysander, a small aircraft which could land on a short field, would come and collect her at a specified point.

Buckmaster gave her a final briefing and heard her recite her cover story three times. Then he cross-examined her on it, trying to trip her up. Finally in the strangled accents of an English man faced with delicate matters he said: "You've got to be grim inside, of course, and as hard as nails, but outwardly . . . well it happens that you have been chosen for this job because . . . because you . . . you get along well with people. Do you understand?"

Sonia replied demurely, "I understand."

In early April 1944, two months before D Day, Sonia took off in a bomber. Accompanying her were a British radio operator and a French youth who'd been flown out from the Maquis for a weapon training course. In a couple of hours they were over a field thirty miles from Le Mans and the pilot saw signals on the ground. Sonia watched a red light in the fuselage and when it turned green she jumped. An RAF sergeant threw her bundle after her. Then her two companions jumped. Everything went wrong. The aircraft was flying at only seven hundred feet and Sonia had hardly collected her wits before the ground was zooming up to meet her. She landed badly and winded herself. When she recovered she heard the rumble of motors and on a nearby road saw a moving column of trucks.



It was a bright moonlight night and in a few seconds she would be visible from the trucks. She went through the drill for releasing her parachute but it wouldn't come undone. She dropped to the ground and dragged the parachute as she scrambled to the far side of the field. She had expected a reception committee led by a man called André but she appeared to be alone. Getting down low in the ditch she began to cut her parachute away with a knife. Suddenly she heard a movement in the hedge. She drew her revolver and said: "Is that you, André?" Two old men appeared. "André," said one of them, "was killed by the Boche last Tuesday."

The old men were flabbergasted when they saw Sonia. They said they were expecting men. Sonia told them two men had jumped with her and they'd best go and find them. No, said the old men, others would look after them. They must get away quickly. What about my bundle of clothes?" hissed Sonia. "Leave it," said the old men. "The convoy has made things dangerous." They helped her to bury her parachute and then they set off on foot.

In the distance the German convoy continued to roll by. The old men told her the ranks of the Maquis were so thin that young men could not be spared for reception committees. All night they walked across fields. In the morning they took to a highway. For a few miles they got a lift on a farm cart. Then they walked again. Sonia had jumped in a sweater, divided skirt and ski boots, garments that would not attract attention in those days of French rationing. But she was unbearably hot.

Soon a German patrol car came down the road. Sonia saw the menacing helmets, submachine guns and pistols. Another grenades of the occupants and her heart pumped fiercely at this first close sight of the enemy. As the car passed one of the men shouted the German equivalent of "Hi Ya, Babe!" Sonia was so relieved that her responsive wave and smile were genuinely gay. The incident gave her confidence. She knew she fitted well into the French scene.

The trio walked on openly passing for refugees, and throughout the day German trucks continued to grind by. Sonia was thankful for her long training marches in Scotland. At midday they halted briefly for bread, wine and cheese at a little inn. Then on they went again. Sonia, marveling at the endurance of the aged guides. When night fell they had to avoid the enemy as they took to the fields once more. Early in the morning of the second day they reached the chateau. Sonia had been walking for thirty hours.

There she met the men who had jumped with her. Others had collected them and guided them in. "In a way," says Sonia, "I was glad they traveled separately. I had always been scared witless of being with the English lad the radio operator because he spoke French with a bit of an accent."

They told her her clothes bundle had landed atop on the highway just before the arrival of the lead truck in the German convoy. The truck had stopped and a German soldier had got out and picked the bundle up. It was ominous news. She was surprised to find that Bonvie, the owner of the chateau, and her supposed cousin, was just a young lad, about two years older than I. Hudson was there too, looking worried.

In some parts of France the Maquis were operating in groups of up to three thousand men. Their ranks were swelled daily by Frenchmen between the ages of eighteen and thirty-two who were evading compulsory service in German labor battalions. The Department of Sarthe, especially around the capital Le Mans, was overrun with German mobile reserves located strategically behind forward troops deep along the shores of Normandy and Brittany. Gestapo surveillance was acute.

Most of the one hundred and fifty Maquisards Hudson had managed to raise were youngsters from Paris. They were ill-armed and scattered in three groups fifty miles apart. By day they hid in the woods. By night they carried out acts of sabotage against targets specified by London in coded radio messages. Hudson's most urgent need was more men. He told Sonia she would help to find them.

After twenty-four hours, just she journeyed into Le Mans with Bonvie to recruit contacts and visit the safe houses where she could be sure of shelter. She recalls a feeling of exultation at her inconspicuousness. Three days before she had been strolling down Piccadilly. Now she was threading her way through crowded streets in enemy territory. The French civilians betrayed no open hostility toward the swarming Germans. They ignored them. Yet the aura of hatred and suspicion was intense. Sonia herself was more fascinated by the drama of her situation than scared.

We entered lots of places where Bonvie was known," she says. "We were knocking at doors and climbing up and down stairs all day. Everywhere I was greeted with guarded warmth. 'Sa madame la one at us?' this v said. *Bien!* I was proud of the urbanity and deep defiance of these people. They were ordinary middle-



Bracelets that cast the boss plenty

How she got free



with Moore Manifold Book 1 writing



instead of 9 systems 9 writings

She wasn't really handcuffed but it sure felt like it—the poor system that kept efficiency low and cost high! Record-keeping was disorganized, information was lost, there couldn't be any teamwork.

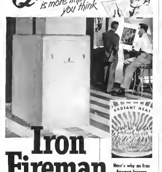
Then a Moore man was invited in. He looked at 9 separate forms that were causing confusion. In their place he designed a 3-part Manifold Book. It is used by 26 people for a dozen purposes—a simple pencil check says which. One copy goes to Personnel and Payroll, one to Telephone Operator and Gate Office, a third is held. It saves 9 writings and about $1500 a year.

Can you use improvements like this? Let a Moore man show you the widest range of forms available anywhere. He knows *the right business form for every business.*

MOORE BUSINESS FORMS LTD.
DIVISION OF MOORE CORPORATION LIMITED
Montreal □ Toronto □ Winnipeg □ Vancouver □ □ Over 300 offices and factories across Canada and U.S.



Quick Heat is more important than you think



RADIANT HEAT

Iron Fireman

FAST *Radiant Fire* HEATING

Quick Heat IS THE KEY TO LOW FUEL BILLS

It's mighty satisfying to have a burst of comforting warmth soon after your thermostat says "go." But that's not the whole story. A fast heating furnace or boiler is the key to many other desirable things, including fuel economy. A sluggish heating plant may take as much as 10 or 20 minutes to reach operating temperature. Quick heat can save a lot of these wasteful warm-up periods in a month's time.

Quick Heat IS THE KEY TO STEADY HEATING AND WARM FLOORS

With an Iron Fireman fast heating furnace you can use a "fast-cycling" thermostat without squandering your fuel. (You get this in the Iron Fireman Syncrostat control system.) In "fast-cycling" your fire is turned on and off with only slight temperature changes. Air does not have a chance to stratify, with cold air on your floors and warm air against the ceiling. Frequent brief firing periods, with gentle, imperceptible air movement, makes all the difference between true home comfort and annoying up-and-down, inefficient heating.

It will pay you to get full information now. It's free for the asking. Use the coupon below.

Iron Fireman equipment sold in Canada is made in Canada

AUTOMATIC HEATING WITH

OIL GAS COAL

IRON FIREMAN MFG. CO. OF CANADA LTD.

Send free booklet, "Magic of the Fuel Saving Radiant Fire," describing Iron Fireman oil, gas, and coal heating equipment.

Name

Address

City

Here's why an Iron Fireman furnace heats fast, saves fuel

FURNACES, oil, gas, coal

BOILERS, oil, gas, coal

HORIZONTAL OIL FURNACE

OIL FLOOR FURNACE

AUTOMATIC FIRING FOR HOMES, BUILDINGS, INDUSTRIAL PLANTS

class folk, shopkeepers, small businessmen, dentists and the like, the backbone of France. These were the people I was fighting for. They were the people in whom I had always believed. But there weren't enough young lads among them."

She got rooms with a quiet family of sympathizers and bought a bicycle. The recruiting procedure was laborious. A dressmaker threw a small party for "the poor girl from the north who has lost her parents," a doctor's wife asked her to dinner, a notary invited her for the week end. A nod, a gesture, a fixed look from her hosts indicated that men to whom she was introduced might make Maquis material.

Sonia would use her wiles and get the prospects to invite her out for a drink. Over a drink she would guide the conversation to war. "If only there was something I could do," the men would say. At this point Sonia would suggest a bicycle picnic.

Out in the country, under a tree or by a stream, the conversation would become less guarded and when Sonia felt it was safe she would invite the men to join the Maquis. If any one of them had jumped up and tried to cycle away Sonia would have shot him on the spot. "But I never had to kill anybody," she says, "at least not like that. If it had been necessary however I would have done it. I wish I had done it in one case."

Sonia recruited scores of Frenchmen. Many came to her in small groups. Several times she entered Hudson's camps with half a dozen rookies trotting at her heels.

One day in Le Mans she saw a French girl, a notorious consort of German officers, wearing one of the dresses that had been in her bundle from Britain. She never knew whether the Germans suspected it had been dropped from an aircraft or had merely fallen off the back of a truck. She had bought new clothes for herself in Le Mans with forged coupons.

Sonia made a point of eating in restaurants frequented by German officers. Frequently she accepted drinks from them. She told her story of being bombed out in the north so bitterly that they took her for a Nazi sympathizer.

"Many French who didn't know me scowled at me," she says. "I was taken for an officer girl. Because of my fair hair some of the French thought I was German. There were German officers who suspected I was in their own secret service. I left them to puzzle. It all helped to confuse the issue."

By D Day Hudson had raised a force of five hundred men, split into half a dozen camps in the woods around Le Mans. Arms had been dropped during three consecutive full-moon periods. The men even had British chocolates and cigarettes. Rations were bought on the black market with bills from England or foraged from sympathetic farmers.

Each man carried forged identity papers and learned several cover stories by heart. Many of their documents came from an underground print shop in Paris controlled by the Maquis central command. This shop turned out thousands of papers monthly, ranging from permission to enter restricted military zones to supplementary cheese coupons.

Sonia now moved into one of the camps and slept under the stars. Nearly every day she cycled fifty miles with messages to other camps. "A girl could always get past control points better than a man," she says. "A bicycle was the only form of civilian transport in those days so my machine aroused no suspicion. My identity cards from London were checked scores of times and never questioned. Once I ever got a bit careless. I found myself at a check point with English cigarettes on me. That was unforgivable. Fortunately I was not searched."

Recruits began their service by cutting telephone wires, were promoted to blowing up rail tracks, then to bridges, later to factory installations and locomotives and finally to harassing convoys. Prolonged engagements with the enemy were avoided. The policy was hit hard and run.

After the landings in Normandy activities were intensified. Every night Hudson's sections were operating against targets of fleeting opportunity and targets indicated by radio from London. Sarthe was a whirling mass of German troops as Rommel, by desperate footwork, switched his divisions from sector to sector in an effort to control the burgeoning beachhead. The Maquis flitted among them like gnats at a herd of bullocks, imposing a nervous strain that eventually led to panic.

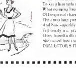
As the Allies kept their foothold in Normandy French confidence increased and more and more men joined the Maquis. Sonia had to help with the weapon training.

Standing under the trees before a group of sheepish recruits while sentries guarded the woodland paths which approached the secret camps, she would show them how to fire and strip the Bren gun. Sensing their embarrassment she would say, "I know I am only a girl but we are short handed. This weapon takes a bit of figuring out. But when you know it you will be able to use it better than I can."

Our squad was ready for target practice. Ammunition was short and

MODERN MEDUSA

What Happened To One Young Man During Vacation



What silken knots of talk she tied
To keep him tethered to her side!
What running brush strokes she applied
Of lacquered charm with which to hide
The crouching purpose of her pride,
And how superbly well she lied
Till vanity was gratified—
Then, bored with conquest, granite-eyed
She tossed him carelessly aside:
COLLECTOR'S ITEM . . . atrophied!

PATIENCE EDEN



Seagram TELLS THE WORLD

"For clean taste... look to Canada"



"Pure mountain air, waters, clear and cool, rich, sun-steeped farm lands—all these combine to give Canada's good things to eat a delightfully clean taste."

* * *

The above illustration and text are from an advertisement now being published by The House of Seagram throughout the world—in Latin America, Asia, Europe and Africa. This is one of a series of advertisements featuring Canadian scenes and Canadian food specialties. These advertisements are designed to make Canada better known throughout the world, and to help our balance of trade by assisting our Government's efforts to attract tourists to this great land.

The House of Seagram feels that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary of its plants, it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.

The House of Seagram

For this summer's vacation



I'm saving regularly at

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

132-2H

KOHLER ELECTRIC PLANTS

INDEPENDENT SOURCE OF ELECTRICITY

SOLE SOURCE

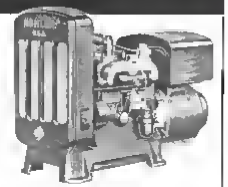
For ranches camps oil drilling rigs, pipelines, mines lumber camps work boats

PORTABLE AND MOBILE

For power saws drills sanders pipe threaders and cutters hedge and tree trimmers pebble sidewalk systems excavators dredges trailers fire trucks

AUTOMATIC STAND-BY

When storms or accidents cut off central station power plants take critical loads. Write for folder 14-N



Model 2661 2 KW, 115/230 volt AC Automatic. Sizes from 500 watts to 10 KW

SOLD AND SERVICED BY

Finning Tractor & Equipment Co. Ltd Vancouver B. C.
Power Electric & Equipment Co., Ltd Calgary Alberta
Tibbits Electric Co. Ltd Regina Sask.
A. A. Murphy & Sons Ltd Saskatoon Sask.
Mumford Medland, Ltd Winnipeg Manitoba
Geo. W. Crothers, Ltd Leaside Toronto Ontario
Williams Hardware Co., Ltd Kenora Ont.
Massons Canada Ltd Montreal Que. Inc.
Austen Bros. Ltd Halifax Nova Scotia
Trenton & Equipment Ltd. Fredericton N. B.
Newfoundland Tractor & Equipment Co., Ltd St. John's, Newfoundland
Morris Electric Whitehorse Yukon Territory
Hudson's Bay Co. Fur Trade Dept. Winnipeg For Northwest Territories

Kohler Co. Kohler Wisconsin. Established 1873

KOHLER OF KOHLER

PLUMBING FIXTURES • HEATING EQUIPMENT • ELECTRIC PLANTS
AIR-COOLED ENGINES • ELECTRIC CONTROLS

with Hudson's permission Sonia led the squad to a hill several miles from the ramp which overlooked the highway. They lay waiting until a line of German trucks rounded a curve below them. Then the Brens opened up. Incendiary bullets flashed into the gas tanks of the lead truck and set it on fire. The following truck crashed into the ditch.

Sonia sighted her own Bren and joined in the firing. Most of the Germans were bowled over before they could jump into the ditches. Soon there was no need to save the remaining of the burning trucks. In that tense silence Sonia sensed that the surviving Germans were preparing to counterattack. She rose with a smoking gun under her arm and groomed all her pupils. "Let's go," she said. "Next lesson in Tommy gun."

One of the British agents in Le Mans was a Scotswoman who with a French university professor who had managed to conceal her origin from the Germans. Her home was used as a "letter box" a place where intelligence of German troop movements was left. Here Sonia picked up the messages for transmission over the Mequis radio to London.

About a month before Patton's armor broke through at St. Lô Sonia was in Le Mans to collect messages from the Scotswoman. "I walked up the street," she says, "and though I saw nothing unusual I had a strange premonition that something was wrong. Something compelled me to turn back. At the bottom of the street I passed a man I knew. Without looking at me he said, 'It's blown.'"

Sonia walked casually away, collected her bike from a garage and cycled back toward one of the camps. About a mile from the spot where she should have turned off the highway she heard firing in the vicinity of the camp. She stopped. It was getting dark now so she sat under a tree by the roadside to think things out. Very soon through the dusk she saw one of her Maquisards trying to walk calmly along the road. She spoke to him as he passed. "Les boches," he said. "They came while we were at dinner. Two hundred of them. Some of us were killed, some captured. We are scattering."

Sonia cycled back to Le Mans. She had not eaten all day and was faint for food. She reckoned that if she went somewhere where she was well known it would tend to disassociate her with the Maquis group which had just been routed. The restaurant she chose was full of German officers, many of whom nodded and smiled at her. It was as if there was only one normal social and this was at the table of a man who knew was in the Gestapo.

With a winsome smile she asked him if she might share his table. He was delighted. All the Germans in the town, even the Gestapo wanted to be liked. They had a high hearted meal together. He insisted on picking up her check.

During the night she made her way to a cousin's over in the woods which had been used as a rallying point for Maquisards dispersed by a raid. Before dawn thirty two of the fifty who had been in camp turned up. They lay low for a few days and then were merged into Hudson's other groups which reorganized in new camps.

Sonia heard that the first camp had been betrayed by one of the men she had recruited. She made all still wishes she had shot. Two English radio operators had been killed and their equipment seized. This meant Hudson was out of touch with London. It was impossible to make arrangements for the dropping of ammunition to replace that lost in the raid. Now the job was to contact other Maquisards who had radio communications. Neither Sonia nor Hudson knew where these might be. Lateral communications between groups was discouraged as the roundup of one group might lead to a chain exposure of others through confessions under torture.

In Tours sixty miles south Sonia had a French godmother. She was certain this woman would be loyal to De Gaulle. She gambled on the godmother being still in the same address. Armed with a different set of identity cards and another cover story she cycled to Tours in two days. When she knocked on the door of a house she found herself face to face with her godmother, whom she had not seen for more than five years. The woman nearly fainted as she beckoned Sonia in.

Her godmother had friends on the fringe of the Maquis. Sonia was passed cautiously from one individual to another until finally she was led before another British officer. She easily convinced him of her true identity because they had been trained at the same school. He informed London of Hudson's plight. Another radio operator was sent out and communications restored.

On Aug. 6 Patton's columns thundered into Le Mans and Leonel Maquisards under Hudson and Sonia routing a Luftwaffe battalion which was still defending the German airfield.

Hudson and Sonia went under American command and were put to work interrogating prisoners. Among the first men sent to Sonia was the Gestapo agent with whom she had dined a few weeks earlier. "You!" he said, his face turning purple. "You!" That is all he could or would say.

Sonia and Hudson fired rapidly at their desk job and persuaded the Americans to let them make another trip behind the enemy lines.

At the old Gestapo headquarters they equipped themselves with documents which indicated they had been French collaborators. Sonia even had one German document authorizing her to carry a pistol. Today it occupies a place of honor in her scrapbook.

Between Patton and the Germans at this time there was a wide no man's land. Sonia and Hudson drove across it top speed in a French car. They got away with a story that they were collaborators fleeing from French with and scooted behind the German lines for several days. Then they drove back full of useful information. Half way across no man's land they took an American flag and American documents from under the floor boards of their car and in this way regained Patton's lines. A second trip worked equally well.

On the way back from the third trip they put up their American flag too soon. One of the villages which had been in American hands when they last saw it, had been reoccupied by Germans. As soon as Hudson saw German troops he stopped on the gas. The Germans opened fire as the car when it was doing sixty miles an hour. Hudson was badly wounded in his shoulder but he managed to keep his car on the highway until they rounded a corner. Then he lost control and crashed into the ditch. Sonia and he set race back in the woods.

As Sonia was dressing Hudson's wounds with bandages torn from their clothing another German patrol stumbled on them. Sonia said they were collaborators who had been shot up trying to escape. They were taken before a German colonel. He considered their story implausible and put them under guard overnight. The next day he lost interest in them as the Americans attacked. When he had withdrawn Sonia and Hudson were arrested by the Americans and it was several days before they could re-establish themselves at Patton's headquarters.

Later in Le Mans Sonia was set upon by an angry mob of French civilians, denouncing her as the blonde who had drilled with German officers in restaurants. They were just about to shave her head and parade her through the streets in disgrace when she was rescued by Americans.

That was Sonia's last battle.

She was reunited with her husband upon the liberation of Paris at an



If your neighbor has installed a Delco-Heat unit in place of an old fashioned hand-fired furnace he will be telling you "Delco Heat is the best investment I ever made." Why? Because Delco Heat brings new values to home heating and Delco-Heat is built and backed by General Motors.

So, whether you are building a new home or modernizing your present one—whether you prefer warm air heat—or hot water or steam heat be sure to look to Delco. You'll find Delco-Heat is sold by heating specialists and installed by men who know how to suit your exact requirements.

Your Delco-Heat dealer will be pleased to give you a free estimate—look for his name in the yellow pages of your telephone directory. Or write for free literature to Dept. D-H Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited Scarborough Ontario —distributors in Canada for General Motors Delco-Heat Products.

DEPENDABLE AUTOMATIC HEAT for every type of home . .

HOT WATER, STEAM or WARM AIR SYSTEMS
FUEL OIL or GAS FIRED

GENERAL MOTORS
DELCO-HEAT

THERE'S **COPPER** IN CANADA'S FUTURE . . .

COPPER
helps to dress milady!



Through the ages women have worn copper ornaments. So today we find copper favored in the trend to heavy personal adornment —multiple bracelets, matching earrings and necklets. Compacts, lipstick cases, cigarette lighters and other accessories are fashioned of brass, and other copper alloys.

We give you these examples to show why copper is called "Man's most useful metal." For copper and its alloys are vital ingredients of countless articles, from jewelry to jet planes.

Because there is no substitute for quality, nothing has been found to replace the red metal in many applications. And so it continues to serve science and industry through a rare combination of characteristics — strength, workability, freedom from rust, high electrical and thermal conductivity and resistance to corrosion.



ANACONDA

First IN COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ont., Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Square Building

FOR RUST-FREE WATER . . .

ANACONDA **Copper**

TUBES ARE YOUR ANSWER

With a plumbing system of Anaconda Copper Tubes you will never be worried by leaks caused by rust. You will get a steady flow of rust free water. Anaconda Copper Tubes cost only outlast ordinary pipe but cost no more installed.



ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED

Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ont. Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Sq. Bldg.

TRY the world famous

MARTINI & ROSSI

VERMOUTH

and discover the DIFFERENCE

Chosen by connoisseurs for perfect cocktails. Enjoy Martini & Rossi Vermouth straight—well chilled, with a twist of lemon peel

Try a jigger of Martini & Rossi Vermouth, jigger of rye, add ice and Soda. Delightful!

Contents now increased

IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE

MARTINI & ROSSI • TORINO, ITALY

V-14



the world ogrees on

"GILBEY'S please!"

OVERSEAS SERVICE

Scotch and Rye Whiskies are still difficult to obtain in Britain—If you or your friends plan a visit you can arrange for delivery of any of Gilbey's brands to any address in the U.K. Please write W. & A. Gilbey Ltd., Toronto 14, Ont.

advanced headquarters there set up by Buckmaster.

Gry d'Artois had commanded three thousand Maquisards near Lyons, in central France and built up the best communications system in the whole underground. Scores of secret switchboards in farmhouses had been connected by more than seven hundred miles of telephone wire all stolen from the Germans. In this way Guy had kept tab on German troop movements over a wide area and through ability to give warnings and orders at long range had launched many effective attacks. The switchboards had been manned twenty-four hours a day by farmers' wives.

After VE-Day Sonia and Gry volunteered for similar duties in the Far East. French Indo-China seemed to them an obvious field. "But then," says Sonia, "I became pregnant and they drummed me out of the army." The collapse of Japan cancelled the need for Guy.

Guy d'Artois returned to Canada first and Sonia followed with a group of other British war brides in 1946. They settled in military quarters at Camp Shilo, Man.

The British rewarded Sonia the MBE and Guy the DSO. Shortly after the war at a reception in Ottawa, General Gherles de Gaulle pinned on Guy a ribbon the Croix de Guerre.

Within a year D'Artois was called upon again to display his daring. In 1947 he parachuted to the aid of Canon J. H. Turner, an Anglican missionary who had injured himself in the Canadian Arctic. Former Governor General Viscount Alexander added the George Medal to his decorations.

In 1949 D'Artois was posted to the Quebec garrison and the family took up residence in the charming old house on the Rue St. Louis. Here they spent many hours reminiscing. Sonia would ask Gry what he was doing at such and such a time in France. He would think for a moment and then reply:

"Why I was up all night talking to married women on the telephone."

Then he would ask *her* what *she* was doing and Sonia would reply tartly: "I was sleeping in a ditch with fifteen Frenchmen."

For four years the D'Artois had a baby every twelve months: first Robert and Michel then Nicky and Tina. All today between the ages of seven and three. There it would seem their story which fits all the specifications of a popular novel should reach its conventionally happy ending.

But life for professional officers is a game of cards and last March Gry was dealt orders for Korea. Sonia settled down with a shrug and a smile to the humdrum life of wife of an absent soldier.

Since Guy went away Sonia has had a maid to help her with the children. This gives her an opportunity to do a few evening chores for the IODE of which she is an enthusiastic member.

She loves Quebec City. It satisfies her Francophilia. She is taking pains to see that her children grow up bilingual. "But it is important that one language should be dominant," she says. "The boys go to an English language school because English is more useful. The girls will go to a French language school because French is more becoming."

Auston Chamberlain once observed that every Englishman had two countries—his own and France. Today Sonia has three and finds no conflict in her triple allegiance. She has lived according to the best traditions of the English *belted* and the French *chanson de geste*. Few new Canadians have got off to a better start. ★

Ubiquitous Is The Word for Abbie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

revealed her formula for getting things done. The aldermen were discussing a request to the provincial government for financial aid. One man reminded the others that the city had already made one attempt.

"Well, we didn't get it, did we?" Mrs. Lane chimed in. "And if there's one thing I've learned in life it's that if you want anything you have to nag, nag, nag."

"Sure, I'm persistent," she says. "I don't mind getting in anyone's hair."

One night when the council was about to discuss the qualifications of a world-be city manager (it had already decided to appoint a manager to streamline the business of running Halifax) Mrs. Lane suggested the aldermen interview the applicant privately in the mayor's office. They voted to do so. But the then mayor, Gordon Kinley, who opposed the whole scheme, refused to enter his office. He demanded that the interview be held in the council chambers.

Several aldermen shouted protests but Mrs. Lane was the first on her feet. She accused Kirley of trying to veto the council. One by one the aldermen got up and walked into the mayor's office, leaving him behind. The applicant was hired.

Later Mrs. Lane told a couple of aldermen: "It took the poor lone woman to carry the ball for all you big husky men."

"God help the man who tried to grab it before you!" said Donahoe, then an alderman.

At first Abbie was inclined to speak as though she was the Voice of Womankind. It chafed many of the aldermen and in time she dropped it. But sarcasm is still one of her big guns.

The night last April when the council was scheduled to debate the Widow Park Amateur Athletic Club's liquor license a highly partisan crowd of four hundred jammed the dingy council chambers and filled the corridor outside. Though it does have taverns and hotels where beer and wine are sold Halifax has no cocktail lounges. However some private clubs are licensed by the city to sell liquor to members. Mrs. Lane moved that the Widow Park club's license be cancelled as the club rooms were above a store frequented by women and children.

She asked the club's lawyer: "What kind of athletics are practiced in this club?" The lawyer admitted he didn't know, but it wasn't hockey, football or baseball.

"Then athletes don't enter into it?"

"I wouldn't go that far."

"Only elbow bending."

The spectators roared and the license was laughed out of council.

That same month Abbie was re-elected by record majorities for three years.

On a checkup visit to the city jail she noticed five French-speaking inmates from one of the city's shabby houses busy knitting diamond socks. In helping French she chatted through the bars with them and learned that when night fell they had to put their knitting away—there were no lights in the cells. The alderman suggested the prison provide lights.

When a young electrician told her it was impossible to put wiring through four feet of concrete she snapped back at him: "I've lived longer than you have and nothing is impossible. To date possibly or not, the wiring hasn't gone through.

Abbie's radio show is a relaxed piece

Daddy, what is stainless steel?



"Stainless steel is steel that doesn't stain. Most metals turn dark when acids or chemicals touch them. Even in the air, silver turns dark, copper roofs turn green, iron gets red with rust. If the right proportions of chromium and nickel are mixed into the steel when it is being made, it becomes 'stainless', even in many acids or chemicals, and also becomes rust-proof."

"Is it used for anything besides saucepans like these new ones of mother's?"

"Yes, the huge cooking pots in food plants are stainless steel. So is our sink bowl, not only because it's so easy to keep clean, and rust-proof, but also because it is so hard and strong it doesn't scratch or dent. Stainless steel is also used in hundreds of industries where acids and other chemicals are handled. While railway coaches are made of stainless steel because it is so tough and strong, and doesn't even need to be painted."

"The Romance of Nickel" a 72 page book fully illustrated, will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

INCO Nickel

The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited • 25 King Street West, Toronto

Deilcraft OCCASIONAL FURNITURE



Pattern 3258
In Walnut
or Mahogany

BY DEILCRAFT DIVISION OF
Electrohome
KITCHENER ONTARIO
Makers of fine radios, tapes, record reproducers and air conditioners.

The Deilcraft tag is your guarantee of quality value and lasting beauty. There are more than 100 patterns, both period and modern, from which to choose.

It's a MAN'S work...



for a man's beer!

What you like in an ale may not what a woman likes are not necessarily the same ... so if you are looking for a man's drink with plenty of old time flavour—hearty, zestful and satisfying—switch now to Labatt's India Pale Ale. I.P.A. is a real *man's* drink. John Labatt Limited

A beer for every taste



JOHN LABATT LIMITED

of business right from the time she starts jotting down ideas on the back of an envelope. She usually arrives at CJCH about five minutes before she's due to go on the air. She has a cigarette, swaps wisecracks with the announcers and heads for a two by four studio when the clock indicates 10:45. Her theme... the Emperor Waltz is played and an announcer plugs a patent guaranteed to relieve asthma.

She pulls the notes from her purse (she seldom has a script) and starts in. Her subject may be anything from sex education to the origin of the Christmas card. Household hints for homemakers to Senja Hirano's late morning sleeps (his skates once stood him up on an interview date).

Her fan mail consists mostly of requests for recipes, advice or assistance. A prisoner in the city jail wrote asking her to send him a shaving kit, comb shoes and a shirt and would she please take up his case with the attorney general. He explained he was just a young chap who had been led astray. Abbie checked his record and found he had twenty-eight previous convictions.

The Thing Scared Abigail

One Friday after she had given out a recipe for lemon snow she got a call from an angry listener. "How do you expect me to copy all that down?" I shouted the Coventry Carlisle last week, too." It was a man. On another occasion the phone by her bed woke her at two a.m. "We have a terrible predicament," a woman told her. "You've got to help us. We just had sex on trump and went down two, vulnerable and doubled. What do we count?"

Sometimes the problems are real. A distraught woman had a touchy legal tangle involving her husband's illegitimate child. Abbie told her to hold onto the phone while she ran next door and asked her neighbor, a Supreme Court judge. She was back three minutes later with his opinion.

Abbie gives freely of her own opinions on a lot of subjects, movies among them. She once stormed into the manager's office of a downtown theatre and demanded that "The Thing," a piece of interplanetary horror, be taken off the screen. It stayed. She slammed it on the radio next morning. "It was just too fantastic for children," she recalls. "I saw them in a state of hysteria." Her broadcast brought quick results; radio listeners beat a path to the box office.

Finlay MacDonald, CJCH's thirty-year old manager, calls Abbie "the most prominent woman in the public life of the Maritimes."

There was one occasion, however, when MacDonald and Mrs. Lane would have been happy if everyone in Halifax had been listening to their rival, CHNS. That was May 9, 1951, the day Elizabeth and Philip left Halifax. Abbie went on the air with a few candid after-the-ball remarks and the resulting rumpus went on for days.

She had no script and no recording of her broadcast was made so it is difficult to obtain her exact words. But there are many versions of what she said. One credits her with the comment that the Princess showed her grandmother's austerity and lacked the friendliness and smile of her own mother. According to this version, Abbie said the people of Halifax felt let down after standing in the rain for two days. The conclusion was that she felt the young Elizabeth was an shucks compared to her mother.

It wasn't so much what Mrs. Lane said but the way she said it. One woman recalls: "Her voice was completely cold and disinterested, like cotton wool. But personally, I agreed with her."

Another version again is that she commented lady: "So this is the fairy princess."

Abbie denies these stories but admits the broadcast was an error—in timing, not contents. If it had been made a few weeks after the visit, she believes there would have been no fuss. "I merely said what everybody else was saying and thinking," she adds. "I suppose that was wrong."

Her account is that she said the weather had spoiled things, that the Princess appeared tired and still a bit scared after her long trip and that she didn't seem to be too sure of herself. Reporters and radio commentators across Canada had been saying as much for weeks. However, she admits she did mention the 1939 visit of the late King George VI and Queen Elizabeth and referred to the Queen's poise and her warm smile. "No comparison was made," she says, "and none was intended."

Before her broadcast was finished, enraged listeners, mostly anonymous, descended by phone that she be taken off the air. The pay-off came a few hours later when the afternoon Mail-Star came out with a picture of the previous day's presentation of Halifax's official gift. The Princess was wearing her biggest smile and it was aimed right at Abbie.

There was talk that Mrs. Lane would be drummed out of the IODE. Instead, five months later they made her provincial president and she became a national vice-president of the superloyal organization.

Abbie has some pretty definite ideas about woman's role in the world. Her place is in the home if she has children need her," she says. "But if she has no children, or if they've reached an independent age, she owes it to her community to get out and do something."

Women learned during the war years that they could spare time away from the kitchen for other jobs. Now we should allow ourselves to slip back into complete domesticity. Outside interests make a woman more attractive to her husband and they keep her from becoming lonely in old age.

Abbie was born fifty-four years ago in Halifax. Her father, Dr. Hartley Jacques, died when she was a child and her mother took her to live in Brooklyn, N.Y. In grade eight Abbie was expelled from P.S. 47 for refusing to salute the Stars and Stripes, a fitting start for any Daughter of the Empire. Her mother marched her right back.

She went to high school in Truro, N.S. In her spare time she went to the Agricultural College there and taught the intricacies of the waltz. She met Fred Lane at a tea dance a

When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.



The World's Largest Airline

Air France puts the world before you. 145,000 miles of routes linking the 6 continents are at your service. You will enjoy the fleetness and luxury of the Air France travel mode. Wherever your overseas destination, fly Air France! New-type Constellations flown by million mile pilots . . . the special charm of French elegance . . . the World's Largest Airways System.

AIR FRANCE
The Luxury World-wide Airline



Consult your Travel Agent or AIR FRANCE International Aviation Bldg.—Dorchester St. W., Montreal — UN. 6-8344

"The Parisian" luxury service direct from Montreal to Paris — gateway to the world

"Tourist Service" by Constellations, the most powerful tourist service to Europe

Also, direct service New York to Paris, including *"The Parisian Special"* — famous non-stop, overnight flight. Extra fare.

preoccupation of the Twenties, and they were married when she was twenty-six. She spent the next eighteen years as a mother and housewife, before plunging into the business world.

The Lanes have three children. Jean, fourteen, is at high school. Ted, twenty, is articled to an accountant, and Mary, twenty-seven, lives with her husband and three-year-old daughter in Montreal. Fred Lane now takes an encouraging go-to-it view of his wife's public life. He shrugs off the inevitable whispered references to "Mr. Abbie Lane" but finds it a bit galling being included in groups of aldermen and their wives.

The family lives in a large, comfortable, grey-shingle house, in the west end of Hillfax. A colored maid does the housework, and most of the cooking. Abbie is a good cook, but can't show a clutch. She still does all her own shopping. She has been active in amateur theatricals for years, and appears in plays put on by the Theatre Arts Guild. Her forte is what she terms "bitchy parts"—scatterbrained maiden aunts, or sophisticated women of the world.

On radio and stage and at City Hall she insists on being called Abbie Lane. At home and at the IODE she is Mrs. F. A. Lane. She is also meticulous about the spelling of her Christian name. She doesn't like to be confused with Abbe Lane, the voluptuous wife of bandleader Xavier Cugat.

She has always been outspoken, and therefore it came as no great surprise when, several years ago, she had a genealogist trace back her family's history and he discovered she was a descendant of Priscilla ("Speak for yourself, John") Alden. ★



At all times... you'll feel safer under a Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingle roof!

Let it rain, let it blow, your J-M Asphalt Shingle roof will weather the storm and give years of trouble free protection. And when the hot sun beats down, the fells of J-M Asphalt Shingles are protected from drying out by the coating of high quality asphalt and the mineral surface. Fire front flying sparks is minimized, too, because J-M Asphalt Shingles have a complete coating of fire-resisting mineral granules.

Add up all of these important advantages and you will certainly feel safer with a J-M Asphalt Shingle roof. In addition, J-M Asphalt Shingles offer you a wide choice of colors and styles and truly economical roofing over the years.

For free copy of full-color folder see your J-M dealer or write Canadian Johns-Manville, Dept. M5, 199 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.



This diagram illustrates the basic elements which are combined in Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles for long life and protection of your roof. 1—High quality felt base. 2—Asphalt saturant (the vital waterproofing ingredient). 3—Asphalt top coating for protection against the drying effect of the sun. 4—Colorful fire-resistant mineral granules—to safeguard against fire, weather and wear.

L 721

Johns-Manville Building Materials



ASBESTOS ROOF SHINGLES
Made of asbestos and cement, these J-M shingles will not burn, rot or wear out! Available in a choice of eye-appealing colors, all with attractive grained appearance.



CERAPEARL ASBESTOS SIDING
Has a rich, glowing, pearl-like beauty that never needs paint to preserve it. Cool, fireproof, weatherproof, it will withstand the severest winter or summer sun. Available in 15 colors.



SPINTEX INSULATION
An improved J-M Rock Wool product. Spintex provides home comfort and fuel savings—keeps your home cool in summer, warm in winter. Available in all standard forms for new or existing buildings.

IF YOU'RE SUBSCRIPTION DUE

Take effect on early action of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.

The Remedy is to fill out a form as soon as that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment, you renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.

The Forty-Inch Panhandler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

mentos him on the street somewhere. I would see him two or three times a week. Sometimes he had a shoe-shining box strapped around his arm, in his box he'd have secreted to him any trivial one had to carry it. He was strong as a wire. Sometimes he'd be walking along, plinking the sleeve of a soldier looking up into his face and printing across the street at the palmistry place after the soldier had got some money in his hand.

I got so I could pass him by even if his face had been stinking out of his shoes. But they weren't.

ONE DAY about the middle of the afternoon Miss Margott, my chair no. 2, came into the laboratory in the little room between the two operating rooms. I use for extractions and the other for general work. I was fixing up the wax impression of a boy's palate, to send in to the laboratory that does my prosthetic work.

"There's a little boy," she said, "here without appointment and alone. He says his tooth hurts him badly. You'll see him, won't you?" She glanced at the wax impression of the lower I was working on. "That Mrs. Cookman?"

I nodded. And Mrs. Cookman, carefully, undressed and stepped to the lavatory to wash my hands. "Put him in three. I'll be in in a minute."

I went in wiping my hands and I threw the towel into the hamper before I turned to him. "Well, son, what seems to be the trouble?"

There he sat, not a mite bigger than he had been the first time I saw him. His face turned and tried to slide up into a better sitting position on the slippery leather seat, and pointed to his jaw. "It aches like hell," he said, his two little sea-black eyes directed up at me with that full-blazen unblinkingness that he got from being on the street.

Umph, huh. I put the mirror in his mouth and took a look. Gosh, it ought to come out. It's too far gone to save it.

"Alright. Take it out." I had teeth pulled out before. He flinched his small brown fingers around the chair arm and strained his head back and opened his mouth wide.

Do you have any money? It will cost you three dollars to have that tooth out.

Without opening his eyes or closing his mouth he rolled his head back and forth. "Nope. Ain't got no money... Is said.

"Well, I'm sorry, son. I can't take that tooth out for you without the money."

Miss Margott was standing over by the sterilizer getting the Novocain needle ready and she whirled around and stared at me with real horror in her face.

Aw go on mister. It won't take a minute, is your time.

I just picked up another towel to wash my hands again and went back through the laboratory to the other chair. Miss Margott followed me in and stood in dumbfounded silence at my indifference.

"Will Dr. Stillman," she said stiffly. "If you must have your pay before you'll relieve that suffering little boy, I'll pay for it." She hadn't been with me but five weeks and I could see she was on the point of leaving. Mercenary, inhuman monster leaving a child to suffer. I could practically hear the words going through her brain.

There was nothing I could say right there. She was still a stranger to me and I couldn't express myself easily. I had a definite feeling of self-righteousness that made me uncomfortable. But I still felt I should be firm. Soft heart touches were making a pan handler out of this bright little devil. There wasn't any time to deliver a sermon if I could have delivered it. So Miss Margott and I turned barbs on each other and said nothing. All she could see was that appealing little face with a tooth that ached.

I went back into the room where the kid was. "That tooth should come out, son. It is going to ache all night. Your mother home, son?"

"Home?"

"Well, wherever it is, she's always at—at the palmistry place."

The boy shrugged. "I guess so."

"Well, you go get her. I don't like to extract a tooth for you and leave you to go out on the street alone. You go get your mother and ask her to come back here with you. Just to be sure you get home okay, right?"

"Me? I'll get home."

"Well—go get your mother anyway. It's rules."

The kid slipped out of the chair, caught Miss Margott's eye and winced at the pain his teeth was causing him. He put his hand to his sore cheek and ran out the door.

Miss Margott despised me. She didn't say, I would to me, just mumbled "poor kid" to herself.

He is a tough little wheedler and like people like you that make him worse." Everything I said was inadequate and I was irritated myself.

She just cast me a look.

"My God—I don't need the money—it's not the money. I pay too much income tax already."

It was no use.

IN A half hour he was back with his mother. She filled the reception room with her person and there was a smirk of moral olive oil. She had on a bright green skirt today with a dirty yellow blouse and a white green sash, a different green from the skirt and very shiny.

Events were against me. My chair nurse was filled with so much community toward me that my rubber-dam patient was becoming uneasy. She'd be sure to mention it to her father, president of Rotary that year. I began to feel very jittery. There was an unspeaking aunt with nothing but the cloak of the unfortunate, and the wincing grunts of the nervous patient. To make it intolerable the boy's mother pushed open the door every so often and looked in at me.

I realized then—moral attitude or not, that I would have been better off had I extracted the tooth at once, patted the kid on the head and let him scamper off. Instead here I was with a sceptical patient, a chair nurse who would probably walk out on me at the end of the day, and a giant belligerent woman charging around the reception room. And of course there was still a little boy with a toothache.

My own head ached.

Still feel numb?" I tried to say lightly to Miss Pribble stepping out of the chair. She nodded glumly.

The gypsy woman pushed into the operating room again and I mentioned that she should bring the little boy in. I left Miss Margott to get the napkin on his neck and arrange the head rest.

When I came in with the Novocain needle he had his little fists drubbed and his large mother stood beside the chair. I started to explain that as one but the patient was allowed in the operating room, but decided to waive further rules and get the thing over with. So I said nothing. The lid of the sterilizer banged shut and I asked the boy to open his mouth.

The mother stood there with her hostile eyes on me and I injected the Novocain. "You won't feel a thing in a few moments, boy."

I let him sit twenty minutes while I did a diagnosis in the other chair then I went back to him. "You feel numb, son?"

"No."

The mother edged nearer and set her hands on the wide square hips.

I probed the boy's mouth gently and he screamed. "All right, son, now take it easy. We'll have to give you another needle. We won't do anything until it takes effect. Just relax now."

I called for another Novocain and injected it carefully. Then I went back to the other room. Meanwhile my reception room was piling up and schedule was already a half hour off. Had it been another patient I could have sent him back to the reception room to wait. But I didn't want to risk

Our carpets can stand life's ups and downs



Children do give a carpet a rough time — but a BMK can take it — and come up smiling year after year. That's because a BMK is made from the tough, springy wool of the Scottish Blackfaced sheep, blended with other fine wools. Designs? Colours? BMK offers you countless delightful designs for carpets and rugs for your rooms, stairs and hallways. So ask to see that BMK label — your assurance of outstanding carpet value.

Mothproof For-ever!

All BMK carpets and rugs are made permanently mothproof. Dry cleaning, washing, etc., will not affect the mothproofing.

BMK MOTHPROOF CARPETS AND RUGS

ALL WOOL PILE

HOW TO SAVE MONEY ON LAUNDRY BILLS



Switch to BVD Nylon Tricot shirts with fused collars and cuffs. You don't send them to the laundry at all! Just rinse them out, and they dry overnight ready to wear without ironing. In about thirteen weeks they pay for themselves in laundry bill savings.

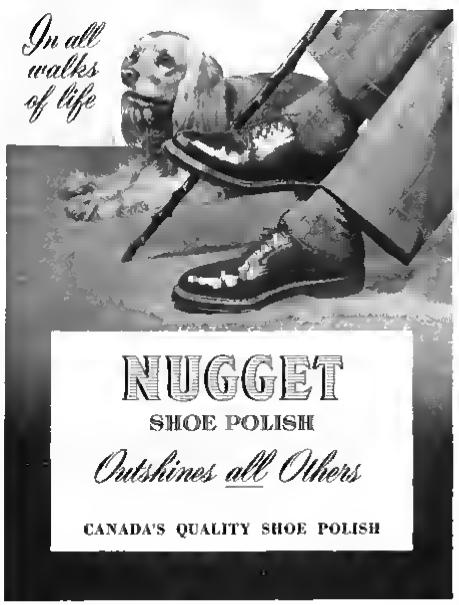
BVD

nylon tricot shirts

- Will outwear ordinary shirts several times over
- Comfortable for year round wear
- In blue, tan, grey or white at $12.95

THE FIRST NYLON SHIRTS THAT PLEASE EVERYONE

THE B.V.D. COMPANY LIMITED - MONTREAL



a scene. Miss Margett punched her head into the laboratory to tell me there were four people waiting. There was an abscess—swelling. "Should I tell him to go home and put an ice pack on until the swelling goes down?"

"I'll go talk to him," I said, trying to give the impression to the patient in this chair that I was giving her my undivided attention.

WHEN I went back to the boy Miss Margett stood ready again with the surgery unit for the extraction of the second bicuspid. The instruments were lying in a folded over towel. I gingerly picked out the forceps.

"How's it feel, son. You feel numb?"

"No."

I drooped. My forehead started to perspire. I glanced at Miss Margett. "Not numb at all? You sure?"

"I'm sure," the boy said, looking from one to the other of us, frightened. "Let me look."

He flushed away until I asked Miss Margett to take the instruments. Then he opened his mouth, his eyes wide and startled. He screamed his head off when I touched him.

"All right, son," I said wearily and went back into the laboratory. Miss Margett followed me absolutely silent.

"I think he's beginning the symptoms of the anaesthetic. Only once in thirty years of practice have I had trouble with any anaesthetic."

When a second injection fails I don't usually give another. I wait until another day to operate. "Today I didn't know what to do. If I sent the boy out without extracting there would be a scene. I hesitated to imagine in front of a full waiting room.

"I can't try another nerve block," I said to Miss Margett. I outlined the whole problem and asked her to try to explain it to the mother. "Meanwhile keep all this particular bunch together. If some of it is defective we'll have to send it back to the manufacturer. But I still think he's becoming the symptoms—I can tell pretty quick if I can get in his mouth. I don't want to hurt the little fellow." I said to her disappearing back. "Just tell her he hasn't reacted to the anaesthetic. We'll try something else."

I knew trouble was inevitable but I was now like a fellow in a canoe who has started over the rapids. Too late he realizes he's a fool.

I went in with an empty syringe and pretended to give another injection. "I know what the trouble is, son. I've been giving you what I usually give to boys your age. It didn't take. This is a real man's anaesthetic. You'll be all right now."

I breathed a sigh of relief at my own inventiveness and he opened wide without flinching. I glanced at Miss Margett and she laid the surgery kit set for me again on the tray.

WHEN I finally dropped the miserable little tooth into the cup on the chair tray the woman was yelling bloody murder in Hungarian. Swear words I imagine. The little boy slid out of the chair like a rag doll and was hanging onto her. Miss Margett was trying to assuage the crowd in the waiting room and I was trying to give post-operative instruction. But I gave up.

"This is what you get when you run free clinic. I'll tell you threat in your sleep."

I tried to maintain a professional calm. Miss Margett who should have attended to this emergency was busy with another one. "Madam," I said in what I thought was a commanding timbre of voice, this was NOT a free case. "Three dollars is my charge for a simple extraction. I want you to understand that the problem with the anaesthetic was beyond my control."

"Three dollars!" for MURDER. She flourished toward the blood on the napkin and screamed the word again then lapsed into her incomprehensible tongue.

Finally I broke in and spoke the last word. "Madam, I have explained to you that this is no free handout. You understand? And there'll be no more screaming about it. I am very sorry about the anaesthetic difficulty but it is a greater loss to me then to you. I assure you." I turned and went in to the other operating chair already filled with a tired old lady waiting for a full mouth impression.

I OBVIOUSLY had made my point with the gypsy woman for every day or so the boy came to the office with a quarter. The three dollars was well on its way to being paid up when I ran into him with his shoe-shining box. He



MACLEAN'S

was always careful to carry that now. I pretended not to notice him and passed him by, but I could hear him at the coat sleeve of the man behind me. I could hear the beseeching little voice and picture the bold little black eyes snapping with entreaty. I walked on faster.

When I got to the corner, waiting for the traffic signal, he sidled up beside me. "Here you are, doc, another quarter." Just as the other man came up beside us.

The quarter was in my hand. "How much is that I owe you now, doc?"

"Seventy five cents," I said roughly, piercing him through with my gaze, determined to carry it through.

The man at the curb beside me was looking at me in horror a thousand times worse than Miss Margett's. He reached over and jerked the boy's shoulder. "Here, son, you pay that man." He put a dollar bill in the boy's hand and turned to stare pointedly at me. The rag below us stuck out the dollar bill. "Here, you are due. Now we're square, and you owe me a quarter's change. Next time I want a tooth out I won't come to you."

"Well I should say not," the man beside him growled. "A child who has to beg medical care in the street is an disgrace to the community. A disgrace."

The little fellow stood beyond my reach with his cap in his hand and his eyes rolling around following his wheel-like movement. "You see, doc, I told you I'd pay," he said with his eyes seeking the man who glowered beside me. ★

This is a L·O·N·G Advertisement

(but if you drive an automobile, it's well worth 56 seconds of your time)

Let's face it.

One of life's pleasures—as well as one of its greatest conveniences—is an automobile that's a joy to drive and a treasure to own.

But, for most of us, there's a catch to it. It costs money—a *lot* of money.

But not always

In case you think this is a sort of "have your cake and eat it, too" story—it isn't.

Ten thousand Canadians who bought new AUSTIN A-40 Somersets last year will tell you that you can enjoy comfort, speed, manoeuvreability, convenience, smartness and all-round automobile satisfaction without getting the budget blues.

For the simple fact is that the new AUSTIN is giving its owners top level performance at half usual operating costs! It is saving—now hold on to your chair because it's a startling figure—it is saving its owners hundreds of dollars each year!

Ask your neighbour

We could take pages in this magazine to tell you about the brilliance of AUSTIN engineering, the aesthetic values of AUSTIN designing and the mechanical reasons why it costs only half as much to run, but we only asked for 56 seconds of your time.

We're content to let your nearest AUSTIN owning neighbour talk for us.

There's one in your neighbourhood

Ask him to show you such luxury features as deep, foam rubber cushioning, richly upholstered in life-long real leather, or the push-button door handles with safety locks to keep your kiddies safely inside.

Get him to put the car through its paces. You won't believe its surging pick-up, its ability to stop quickly and surely in an emergency, its smooth high cruising speed and its relaxing ride till you try it.

But when you do—

—you'll want it for yourself, not solely because it will save you hundreds of dollars a year, but because you'll *like* the car. You'll like the way it looks, the way it performs, the way it handles. And there are

No extras to buy

The delivered price of the new AUSTIN, only $1895* everywhere in Canada, is the price of the completely-equipped ready-for-the road car, including:

- Leather upholstered, full depth foam rubber cushioning
- Constant speed electric windshield wipers
- 12-volt battery for all-weather starting
- *New* super heater with full defrosting equipment.
- Locking gas cap (that you don't unlock very often)
- Directional turn signals
- Full kit of tools (even a valve grinder)

*City and Provincial taxes extra in some areas.



Wherever you go . . . you'll see

Austin

The ideal answer to the high cost of motoring

PERFECT COOKING is "Automatic" WITH THE NEW Fawcett AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGE



Fawcett Deluxe Automatic Electric Range

HERE'S electric cooking at its best! Better—Easier—Cooler—Truly Automatic. In the Fawcett Automatic oven timer take over your cooking—then you can leave the house and come back to a complete meal cooked just the way you want it

See this exciting new range with all the features you wanted most!

For cooking-For heating

Fawcett SINCE 1852

FAWCETT PRODUCTS ARE MANUFACTURED BY

ENAMEL & HEATING Products Limited Sackville, N.B.

Combining the finest traditions of officer training and university education

The Canadian Services Colleges provide an opportunity to obtain a four year course in arts or in arts and engineering and at the same time to qualify for a commission in the Active or Reserve Forces of Canada. Young men are prepared mentally, physically and morally for leadership in our Armed Forces or in civilian life

TWO COURSES OPEN

Cadets who engage to serve for three years after graduation in the Regular Forces have books, tuition uniforms medical care accommodation and food provided. In addition, they receive $30.00 per month

Cadets not wishing to enroll for service in the Regular Forces will pay $550.00 for the first year and $320.00 for subsequent years

All Cadets serve with their chosen service during the summer months For this they receive $176.00 per month plus board lodging and uniforms

ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS

(a) Candidates must have Senior Matriculation (or equivalent standing in English physics, mathematics, algebra, geometry and trigonometry) chemistry and one of history or a language, and must have reached their sixteenth but not their twentieth birthday on the first of January preceding entrance

(b) A limited number of students with *Junior Matriculation* or equivalent, will be accepted for College Militaire Royal de St-Jean.

Applications must be received not later than April 30th, 1953

For full information write to one of the following—

The Registrar, Royal Military College, Kingston Ont. | The Registrar, Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C. | The Registrar, College Militaire Royal de St-Jean, St Jean, P.Q.

What the Strike Did To Louiseville

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

left. I want to go somewhere else and get away from it."

The day after I arrived Mayor Raoul Saint Jean rescinded the Riot Act. He explained to me: "I had received numerous complaints from the merchants that people were afraid to come into the streets to do their Christmas shopping. Because was at a standstill. So I went to Quebec City and explained the situation to the Solicitor General who agreed with my view that the act should be rescinded."

This sayer, a quiet soft-spoken grey-haired man of slight figure, showed the sign of strain in his face. He did not wish to comment on the strike. "I do not wish to get in the middle," he said.

There was an immediate reaction to the lifting of the Riot Act. People appeared in numbers on the streets again and even stopped to chat with each other. The hustle of pre-Christmas shopping gave rise to St. Laurent's pleasant atmosphere and Louiseville is standing in front of the cardboard Manger scene of the birth of Christ. The feeling of relaxation was apparent in the attitude of people to whom I talked. It was glad and pathetic. For behind the transitory relief, Louiseville could not hide the fact that two months of labor strife had turned a pleasant and placid town into an angry town, a bitter town, a poor town, a frightened town, a dangerous town.

During the next five days, and in a subsequent visit after the New Year, I talked to many people in Louiseville. The *curé*, Monseigneur Donat Bertil, company manager Oscar Marc-Aurèle, deputy Germain Caron, Union Nationale member of the provincial parliament for the district, who had been a leader in efforts to settle the strike, special officer Paul Benoit and other members of the provincial police strike leaders Raymond Gagnon, Raymond Gentare and Gaston Bourbonnière, as well as merchants, strikers and strike-breakers, and workers of other plants. The strike has affected them all deeply, unhappily. For many the effects have been tragic and perhaps permanent.

In spite of the sharp divergence of the opposing points of view it is possible to establish a degree of agreement on the background and cause of the strike.

Associated Textiles Company is one of fourteen units which compose United Merchants and Manufacturers Inc., of New York City. The other thirteen units are all located in the southern United States. The plant was established at Louiseville in 1929 and the American Federation of Labor succeeded in forming a union among its workers. The Turgeon Report of 1936 recorded that the average wage at Louiseville at that time was the lowest in the Quebec textile industry and in 1938 on March 6 the union struck for higher wages. Two days later the workers responded to a company call to return to work and the union collapsed.

There was no union at Associated Textiles from that date until the Catholic Textile Syndicate organized in 1948. In 1947 the Syndicate struck for higher wages and a contract and was after a two week strike. Renewal of price ceilings at that time enabled the company to grant increases five cents over the union's demand. The strike was peaceful, without incident or serious bitterness.

In February of 1951 with the current contract between the company and the union soon to expire the whole textile industry was in a slump from which it is only now beginning to recover. The union advised that it was renouncing the contract but later indicated that it wished only to modify certain clauses. In view of the state of the industry generally and with the plant operating only a few days a week the company offered no increase of eight and a half cents an hour. The union asked for a general increase of twenty cents an hour plus an adjustment of five cents for certain categories. The union's most persistent argument was that the average rate at Associated Textiles Company at that time was 73½ cents an hour compared with the provincial average in the industry of 97.7 cents.

The two parties were unable to agree on wages and on other less important questions. In November 1951 an arbitration board recommended an increase of eight and a half cents an hour plus an extra paid holiday. Post arbitration conciliation followed and government Labor Minister Antonio Barrette entered the scene in an endeavor to head off the strike for which the workers had voted overwhelmingly on three separate occasions.

Then occurred an incident which convinced the union that the company was trying to force it into a strike. With the company's approval Barrette offered the union an increase of eight and a half cents retroactive to April 1, 1951, plus two and a half cents after April 1, 1952. The union accepted, but when Barrette advised the company of this he learned the company wished to withdraw four clauses of the contract which had previously existed. These clauses had granted the union check-off, a modified union shop, union consultation on job changes and overtime.

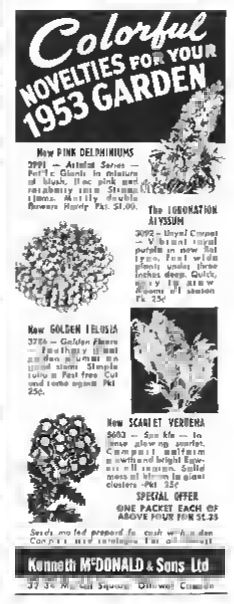
Barrette wrote the company president Paul Emile Collette accusing the company of putting him in an impossible position with the union. The company gave the union a week declaring that if the offer was not accepted within that time it would hold no further negotiations. On March 10, at 3:30 p.m., strike organizers swept through the plant and cleared it of all workers. They chained and padlocked the gates, but later in the day one of the support of plant manager Oscar Marc-Aurèle they sent firemen and caretakers back to work to look after the plant.

That night, at a meeting of the strikers, provincial deputy Germain Caron, associated himself with the strikers, declaring: "I have seen that the union wanted to come to an agreement—but each time they were at the point of agreeing the company would make a step back. It is an attitude which I do not understand, and I do not admit, and I will be with you to the end."

The union said was the first of a series of events which developed in mounting tension to result a bloody climax on December 11. Plant Manager Marc Aurèle said with heat: "The union made itself the sole master of private property which did not belong to it." On three different occasions company officers were refused admission to the plant by union pickets. Are we supposed to be living in a democracy?"

On March 15 the company served the union with an injunction forbidding any union member entry to the plant. The union promptly withdrew its firemen and caretakers from the plant. Explaining the abrupt way that the strike was called and the union's subsequent refusal to allow anyone in across the picket line one union official said to me: "When we became convinced that the company's object was





When we're in the mood to Coax Appetites

Want that dinner to seem extra special? Then serve a rich-flavored Canadian Sherry just before. Guests' eyes will light up when you pass around this perfect apéritif. And there's nothing like it to make everyone *really* savor your good dinner!

we prefer Canadian Sherry

Canadians can enjoy a good sherry at little expense, because of the special climate and soil of the famous Niagara peninsula. Here, in one of the world's most favored grape-growing areas, the master vintners make wines which have a growing reputation for quality. Try them!

CANADIAN WINE INSTITUTE 372 BAY ST. TORONTO

MEMBERS OF THE CANADIAN WINE INSTITUTE

ADAMS WINES LTD. | BARNES WINES LTD. | BOUCHARD WINES LTD. | BRANT'S WINES LTD.
CHATEAU GAI WINES LTD. | DANFORTH WINES LTD. | DONNOREN WINES | GRIMSBY WINES LTD.
JORDAN WINE CO. LTD. | LONDON WINERY LTD. | PELEE MARSH WINERY LTD. | THE PADEREAU WINES LTD.
PENINSULAR WINE MANUFACTURERS LTD. | ST. CATHARINES WINE CO. OF CANADA LTD.
TURNER WINE CO. | TWIN CITY WINE CO. | WELLAND WINERY

please toke notice

please give fair judgment

please spreod the good news



Just because the idea of Tampax and the benefits of Tampax are novel in your experience don't pass this product by without really *thinking about it*. Otherwise you may miss something of vast and practical value. Tampax was invented by a doctor particularly having in mind *the average woman* (married or single).

The first question for any woman when choosing a method of monthly sanitary protection is *external or internal?* Well Tampax is internal and it combines great absorption with very small size. Made of pure surgical cotton—each Tampax has its own dainty applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. No bothering with belt or pins or external pads. No irksome chafing. *You can't wear feel it when wearing it.*

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO BULK

Full month's supply may be carried in purse. Tampax is so compact that disposal is the easiest thing in the world. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED
Brampton, Ontario

Please send me the above sample and package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost and mailing. Size as I checked below:

Regular ( ) Super ( ) Junior ( ) Not sure ( )

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____ 53-131

to force us into a strike under adverse conditions we decided that we would not just sit back and let them prepare for the strike in their own good time. The previous week the plant had worked a full week for the first time in months. We thought that if we could embarrass them with a quick strike we might be able to secure a quick settlement. They forced us to withdraw our caretakers and from then on all the plant deteriorated. It was through the company's injunction."

By a writ of mandamus the company on April 1 forced the town of Jeffersonville to provide police protection for company officials wishing to enter the plant. Lt.-Comdr. Lamon, the local MPP, disputes that it was merely office hours he asked for and says refused to answer questions that company officials would be allowed to go into the plant unmolested that previously police were hastily sent in. Louisville's The police arrived on May 1 and company officials entered the plant under their protection.

The strikers used the town fire siren to call out mass pickets and when the company officials came out of the plant they found themselves confronted by silent, three hundred strikers. They drove off under a shower of stones.

The next day, with union permission, company officials again returned to the plant to make a detailed survey of the damage. Each official was accompanied by two strikers. They found more than six hundred panes of glass smashed and all the mills in the spinning and cop rooms weighed down with cloth that flattened the rubber rolls. Subsequently the company filed a suit against the union for damages of $250,000. The union countered with a suit for $84,000 and an injunction against company officials for criminal libel.

For the next four months the conflict was waged along legal lines. The union did not have long wait. On May 1 three strike leaders were arrested for conspiracy. Boudonnière and Gagnon were convicted. Other arrests followed later that month, including that of V. A. Héroux, vice-president of the union and a town councilor. On June 13 the strikers about six hundred strong made a pilgrimage to Cap de la Madeleine, twenty-six miles away to pray for a settlement. Otherwise the month passed uneventfully. The mill remained closed and the strikers and provincial police fraternized playing softball and pitching horseshoes together. Union officials cautioned picketing. Remember—we are not striking against the police."

It was the calm before the storm. On June 6 Germain Caron, the MPP, went to New York in an effort to secure a settlement before the approaching provincial elections. He returned with an offer of twelve cents an hour but no union control. This, in the eyes of the union was the final proof that the company wished to destroy it. Lucien Caron was in decline that a union control was part of the offer but this declaration is not supported by newspaper reports at that time or the company's present version of the offer.

It was at about this time that Germain Caron came to feel that the strike was being used for political purposes by the Liberal Party for the coming election. It noted that Gaston Ledoux, union organizer from Granby, was a Liberal candidate in the election as were union legal advisers René Hurtubise and Jacques Lacoursière. He wondered publicly whether there were communists among the strikers and he denounced what he considered to be the political aspects of the strike.

I asked strike leader Raymond Gagnon about this. "Politics always hurts the cause of a strike," he said frankly. "I personally was sorry to see Ledoux run for office, because he was successful and now we have lost a good organizer. But we need both Liberal and Union Nationale lawyers. The only trouble was that the Union Nationale lawyers usually advised us to plead guilty to charges."

The election took place on July 16 and the Duplessis Government was returned to office with a substantial majority. Events moved quickly from that point.

On July 21 about thirty provincial police headed by Paul Benoit arrived to supplement the original ten who had arrived in May. The company opened its doors with ample police protection and seventeen strikers of the original eight hundred returned to work. Reinforcements brought about a drastic change in the atmosphere at Louiseville. There were frequent clashes between the strikers and strikebreakers with numerical superiority on the side of the former. At night windows of strikebreakers were broken and a mysterious fire broke out at the farm of one strikebreaker from the country. The police patrolled the streets at night and the strikers had their own patrols to watch the police. The atmosphere at times which each side accused the other of wreaking grew ugly. On Aug. 12 the town council demanded that the police limit their activity to protecting the property of the company and in another resolution stated flatly: "The Council of Louiseville condemns the gestures, the attitudes and the propaganda of Associated Textiles in the present strike."

That same month the Bishop of Three Rivers, Monseigneur G. L. Pelletier, intervened with a compromise solution. Eventual answer of the company was that it was never bound to guarantee the jobs of the strikebreakers but that it was willing to take back the strikers if and when it could find place for them. The carefree soldier playing *entente* between the police and the strikers had destroyed it to successively a cold war and a series of ugly little skirmishes and accusations. Ovila Bournaval, secretary-treasurer of the union, was telling this story:

"On Sept. 2 at 3:15 in the morning I was in charge at the union hall. I saw one of the provincial police cars pull up outside. Then, were about fifteen pickets standing around. I recognized the two provincial police who got out of the car as Jacques Piloo and Leon Vendelli. Piloo was not walking straight but he climbed up on a sandpile in front of the hall and he had his revolver in his hand and a tear gas pistol in his left hand. He shouted: 'If you don't stop I will kill you. I am kill four of you with this'—and he waved the revolver—and I can put all of you to sleep with that' and he waved the tear gas pistol. I went to the phone and I called special officer Benoit at the textile plant. He arrived in a few minutes with officer Bergeron and I told him what happened. He promised me that it would not happen again and he asked me if I wanted to report it. I said I did but that is the last I heard of it.

Aurèle Dohaime was telling this story. "On the third of October I attended a meeting at the church and left there about ten minutes to six to see the scabs come out of the plant as usual. I was alone when I reached the corner of Notre Dame. The automobiles of the scabs passed me and I heard a noise like breaking glass. I turned around but I didn't see anyone and I went on. Then I saw a police car coming and I was afraid. So I went into a lane to get out of the way. I was running when I heard several pistol shots, four or five and I felt something hit my leg. I fell down. I was too frightened to move and there I heard someone shout behind me to stop or they would fire. I stayed there without moving. Then police officer Vendelle grabbed me by the collar and arrested me."

For an outside observer to weigh such charges with exactitude is impossible. The point is that the strikers weighed them and others similar to them decided they were true, and in some cases magnified them in the retelling. On Dec. 8 at night a bus that was parked in the rear of the Chateau Louise was damaged by dynamite and this caused tension to a breaking point.

Then prospects of victory fetched the strikers decided on a desperate gamble in the hope of regaining the initiative. Pickets opposite the plant had been limited to twenty by an agreement between Gagnon and Benoit. The union decided to break the agreement and parade in the plant in force.

The attempt was made the next day. The police met the strikers as they began to assemble. Then was a terrific onslaught of pushing and shoving but it was almost routine in comparison with the violence that was to erupt two days later. The parade was easily dispersed.

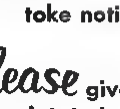
The strikers determined to try again and the police were amply warned. During the day of Dec. 10 rumors flew around the town. The most lurid one was that the strikers intended in force that way into the plant, wreck the machines, then proceed to the home of Alexandre Bélanger who owns Empire Shirts and who had openly declined his sympathy with the company and then to the home of the manager Marc Aurèle which had been damaged earlier in the year by a vandal.

Benoit refused to take this rumor seriously but he did know that the next attempt at a parade would be more serious and he was on the move early on the morning of Dec. 11. The landlist sound of the iron rioting the strikers brought him to the strike headquarters where he saw reinforcements from Granby getting out of a bus. He had already roused Judge Orman Rochon and armed by his the reading of the Riot Act. He noted that the strikers were carrying their placards with set wicked hardwood clubs rather than the long fragile poles customarily used. He went back to the Louiseville company and told his men to stand by with tear-gas guns ready. When he saw the parade coming up *rue* Notre Dame he observed grimly that there were no women and children marching. This was to be it.

Regarding what followed there are many confusing and confused reports as there are bound to be concerning a clash that occurs in the early hours of a winter morning. The only point on which is quite clear. He was there to prevent what he considered to be criminal acts and illegal assembly. With exceptions pending on a score of cases he and other police officers feel they are unable to make any statement on rumours of the affairs that were recounted to me by strikers and non-striking townsmen. But as far as he is unanswered what he and his officers did was in line with their duty to disperse an illegal assembly.

Benoit says that when the massed strikers arrived in front of the plant he told Gagnon that only twenty were entitled to picket and that the rest must disperse. Then he says the strikers began to attack the provincial police. Bernard Dunrenpon read the Riot Act and dispersed the strikers ordering those who did not go immediately.

Gagnon describes the events thus: "There were about three hundred of us parading to the plant. We intended to march past it and endeavor by a show of strength to persuade the scabs not to cross the picket line. When we



HELLO I HAVE STORY I WROTE AFTER ENROLLING

[illegible] I NEA Training and I have sold my first [illegible] STORY THAT TELL. Before my writing was [illegible] but that I had a knack. Now I know I can write. [illegible] Ontario.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

So many people with the germ of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called unknowns.

Not only do these thousands of unknown and unsung produce most of the fiction published but countless articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, travel, decorating, food, child and church activities, human interest stories as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of cheques for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose chief ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrated that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors wash no room on them is of utmost dissolve. The story is the thing. Every copy lads goes through the course of pitiless criticism—learning that hints not more successful others than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It trains and keeps you writing in your own home on your own time. And upon the very same kind of *actual assignments* given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by *doing*, not by studying the undisputed styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by personal writers. Gradually they help you develop your own individual style. Writing soon becomes easy, plausible. Then, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors, checks roll in. You can see constant progress mark by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our FREE Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. U.S.A. (Founded 1925)

Free

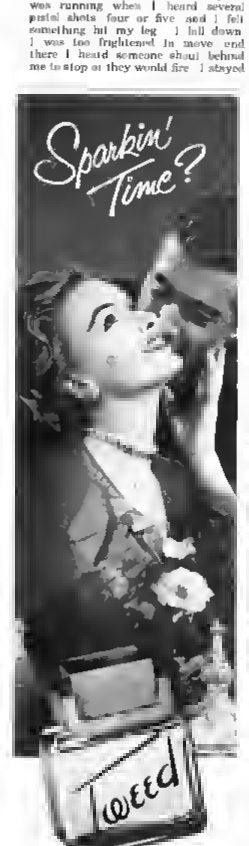
NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, One Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y. U.S.A.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Maclean's February 15th.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Address

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)



Tweed the one fragrance above all others to wear anytime, anywhere. Tweed is more than a perfume—it is a state of mind.

Tweed fragrance items from 95¢ to $74.50

Lentheric

PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK



Dry Skin? Use Noxzema cream wash the dirt and make up from my face. Barbara Peterson of MONTREAL says. It's wonderful to clean too. Helps my dry skin look much fresher.

How you, too, can

Look lovelier in 10 days

or your money back!

Skin specialist's new beauty care helps skin look fresher, lovelier—and helps *keep* it that way

If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion—here's the biggest beauty news in years! A famous skin specialist has developed a new wonderfully effective home beauty routine!

Different! This new "double-duty" beauty care owes its amazing effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. This famous *greaseless medicated* beauty cream combines soothing soothing lubricating cleansing and invigorating ingredients. That's why it has helped so many women with distressing skin problems.

Quick! Letters from all over Canada prove Noxzema's quick help for rough, dry skin. Dandruff and flaky so-called normal skins with a dull lifeless *half-clean* look.

Take to help your skin look fresher, lovelier than ever? Then tonight—try this!

1. Cleanse thoroughly by "cream-washing" with Noxzema and warm water. Smooth on Noxzema, work cream to a rich lather, rinse off using soap. See how fresh your skin looks after "cream-washing"! No dry, drawn feeling!

2. Night cream. Smooth on Noxzema so its soothing, soothing ingredients can help skin look and feel softer, fresher by morning. Also use pat a bit on your eyes to help heal them—fast! The blue of cool-as-a-cucumber Noxzema provides especially beneficial touch to rough, dry skin. You will see a wonderful improvement as you go on feeling fluffy using Noxzema. It *gets results!* No sweaty yellow!

3. Make-up base. "Cream-wash" again in the morning then apply Noxzema as a long lasting powder base. It protects skin all day long.



It works or money back! No matter how many other creams you have used try Noxzema for 10 days. If not delighted in every way to Noxzema Toronto your money back!

Twice as much for your money! Big 10-oz. jar only $1.25 at drug, cosmetic counters

NOXZEMA skin cream

"OPERATION ALUMINUM"



In the fifty-two years since the first Canadian aluminum plant opened at Shawinigan Falls Canada's aluminum industry has grown to be the second largest in the world, and Canada now exports more aluminum than any other country.

Still the need grows, both at home and abroad for this light strong modern metal of many uses. And Aluminum Company of Canada is putting man power, and money, and engineering brains, and imagination into the job of keeping up with that demand.

Aluminum is "packaged power" by the electricity needed to produce one ton of aluminum would light the average home for nearly a generation. By making use of Canada's abundant low cost power this Canadian enterprise has created employment and income for tens of thousands for the men who build and operate the dams and powerhouses, the docks and smelters and power lines it needs, and for the more than one thousand independent Canadian companies who turn aluminum into countless forms important to industry and our own daily living.

Aluminum ALUMINUM ALCAN The MODERN METAL **Company of Canada, Ltd.**

Producers and processors of aluminum for Canadian industry and world markets

Plants at Shawinigan Falls • Arvida • Isle Maligne • Shipshaw • Peribonka • Port Alfred • Beauharnois • Wakefield • Kingston • Etobicoke

reached the plant Benoit stopped our car and told our that we were not allowed more than twenty pickets in front of the gate. I replied that I knew that and I went back to the parade. To detach twenty men for picket duty and to resume our march. At this point Benoit came up and told us to go home, that he was declaring the Riot Act and that we had thirty minutes to get home. Then he turned to his police and said: 'Go ahead, boys. Give it to them.'

The police fired their tear gas pistols. I looked around. Everyone was running and the police were after them with blackjacks and clubs. I made my way back to the union hall as quickly as I could and found about a hundred strikers there. Emilien Lacombe, a two young boys had just been picked up by the police report. St. Laurent Street, and some of the strikers wanted to go to rescue them but I told them not to give the police any excuse to go after us. Then a police prowl car stopped to pass the hall and someone threw a couple of snowballs at it. The car stopped and backed up about twenty feet. It turned away and started toward the steps that lead to the hall with Adrian Dumas. I didn't hear anything, but my hat flew into the air. I reached over to pick it up from the ground and noticed a hole in the crown. Then Dumas fell beside me and blood began to run out of his neck and face on the snow. Everyone broke and ran and I looked back. Police officer Benoit Crepeau was still firing his revolver, and I am essentially certain that he was firing at me. I picked Dumas from the ground and carried him up the steps into the union hall.

'I thought he was dead, but as I called the priest and I called a doctor. The first doctor I called told me that he couldn't come. His office was full of wounded strikers. So I called Dr. Marchand who is really a baby specialist. He told me to bring Dumas over.

'By this time Benoit had arrived. He was downstairs, outside the hall, and I went out and told him that I had a man with two bullet holes in him. I thought there were two for the bullet went in his neck and came out through his jaw. Benoit told me to take Dumas to the doctor, as I went over to Marchand's office. It was full of injured strikers. I stayed there helping as much as I could. Then they told me that I myself was being arrested, so I slipped away and made myself scarce.'

Hellarion Hemond, a hatchery worker was roused by the fire siren that morning and he decided to see what was happening at the textile plant. So he cut across a field behind the church together with other curious onlookers and at the college parking lot he met up with a grandstand spot. He saw the strikers come up. He saw Benoit speak to Gagnon. Then he says the police let fire with their tear gas. He did not see any striker attempt to attack a policeman. 'The strikers didn't resist,' he told me. 'They ran. But it didn't do them much good.'

Hemond beat a discreet retreat when he saw the chase was coming in his direction. He went back to his store which is diagonally across from the union hall. There he said, 'Strikers were being pushed down the stairs of the union hall beaten over the head with blackjacks and clubs and those who were arrested were being loaded bodily into the police wagon. It seemed to be jammed with strikers but they kept making room for more. It was an ugly sight and I felt sick.'

Jean Paul Lamy, a striker, says: 'We were marching along Notre Dame Street and when we got to St. Martin we stopped a few seconds. I saw the police beside the company gate go into a right fit and I heard someone say "Keep moving." That is what we were doing. I was in the front of the parade, among the first six, just between the houses of Racine and Dechene. Then I heard a policeman's bat hitting, and I ran into the yard beside Racine's truck. I heard a policeman fire twice and I heard someone swear. Someone else said: "I behind you to go see my property." That is when I saw Paul Benoit who was close to Dechene's house. He was reading from a paper and I heard a few words something about the name of the Queen and going peacefully. Then I heard someone running and I started to run away toward the fence. I had my hand on the fence to jump over when I received a blow on my head from a stick. I don't remember anything else till I came to on the street. They were beating me and I tried to turn to run but that I had had enough. I heard one of them say "All you have to do is go to work, and you wouldn't get it." I must have passed out then. I remember coming to again and then passing out. I don't know how many times. And I remember many blows, and a kick when they put me into the police wagon. I was in there a long time and I asked to see a doctor. An ambulance took me to the doctor but when I got there I couldn't stand up. I fell on the floor. I wanted to talk but I couldn't. I heard someone say: "It's Lamy" and I recognized the voice of Raymond Gagnon. I remember Abbé Dumas. I took his hand because I couldn't talk.

Sylvio Carpentier recalls: 'I was standing on the sidewalk beside Mr. Dechene's house when I heard the thud of the police say that we were to go home. Then I received a blow over the head and I didn't remember anything. I was on the ground when I felt other blows on the back and I heard a policeman say: "Pass me that one." Then I felt more blows, one on my left eye. I lost consciousness again and then I remember being dragged in the patrol wagon and someone kill me again and I heard another policeman say: "Let him alone. He's had enough." Someone hit me in the back and said: "Get in there, you." I don't remember anything else for a while and then I remember other pickets being pulled and thrown into the patrol wagon. I heard terrible cries and then we went to the Syndicate hall and more people were pushed in. I urged to be taken to a doctor and they took me to Dr. Marchand. Then they took me to a hospital in Three Rivers and after eight days there I came home. Now I don't feel too bad.'

Remee Mathieu, a striker in his thirties: 'At about thirty in the morning we set out from the Syndicate hall, passing by St. Antoine, St. Laurent, Notre Dame and arrived at St. Martin Street. We started along that last street when a striker gave me the signal to return and we turned around. Mr. Benoit said: "No not on that side, on the other side" and we obeyed him. As I turned I received a blow on the head from a stick which made a cut three inches long. I fell on the ground and while I was on the ground I received another blow on my arm. I lost consciousness and when I came to another policeman came and hit me again. I said to stop that I had had enough and was nearly dead. I got off the veranda to go on Notre Dame Street to go to the doctor and I saw officer Cantara and I said to him that they gave me twenty minutes to go home and I didn't think I could get home in that little time. He took

IN YOUR KITCHEN
IN YOUR BATHROOM
NEVER BEFORE AN ENAMEL FINISH LIKE
KEM GLO
THE MIRACLE LUSTRE ENAMEL
GIVES A FINISH ON WALLS AND WOODWORK THAT
LOOKS AND WASHES LIKE BAKED ENAMEL
Saves you money 2 ways!
1 Unlike ordinary enamels, KEM GLO covers most surfaces perfectly with one coat.
2 Even on raw wood or plaster, two coats are all you need for satin like lustre and undercoaters.
No brush marks! No laps. No dirt. Resists grease, steam, chipping and scuffing. 6 elegant decorator colors.
only $3.05* quart
*Ex. not slightly higher West of Ft. William
Made by the makers of famous Kem-Tone and distributed by
The Canada Paint Company Ltd
The Lowe Brothers Company Ltd
The Martin-Senour Company Ltd
The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada Ltd.

'We painted our living room with Kem-Tone ... for the price of a cotton house dress'
YES we used no less than $4 worth of Kem Tone to do the living room. We started with a gallon — one coat did it. Beautiful job. And left us enough to re-decorate the hall, too.
More people use KEM TONE than any other flat wall paint. Its flat, matte finish is wonderful beautiful in its range of restful decorator tones. And you can intermix or add Kem Tone Tinting Colors to get any special shades you want. Most people find that applying Kem Tone with a Roller Koater helps them do a faster, better job.
Here's how Kem-Tone stretches your paint dollar:
One gallon of Kem Tone paint costs $5.95* When mixed according to directions your actual cost per gallon only $3.00. One quart of Kem-Tone after mixing works out at only $1.12* a pint!
*Ex. slightly higher west of Fort William.
Kem-Tone combines beauty with quality in an economy paint
The oil paint that mixes with water — drier to one hour — one coat covers most surfaces including wallpaper — one gallon does a large room. Thanks to patent-pending odor, so you can paint with your windows closed
The modern miracle wall paint Kem-Tone
AVALON BLUE
ONE COAT COVERS

here's your ticket to

FUTURE SECURITY

CUT THIS OUT—MAIL IT TODAY—POSTAGE FREE!

FIRST CLASS PASSAGE

CANADIAN ROAD TO SECURITY GOOD FOR ONE

TOURIST 1953

To The Director
Canadian Government Annuities
Department of Labour, OTTAWA, Ont. (Postage Free)

PLEASE SEND ME INFORMATION SHOWING HOW A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY CAN BRING ME SECURITY AT LOW COST

MY NAME IS (Mr. Mrs. Miss) _____

I LIVE AT _____ DATE OF BIRTH _____

AGE WHEN ANNUITY TO START _____ TELEPHONE _____

I UNDERSTAND THAT THE INFORMATION GIVEN WILL BE HELD CONFIDENTIAL

CANADA
DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR

A Canadian Government ANNUITY is a safe, easy way to guarantee yourself a regular monthly income after retirement. No medical exam required. If you miss a payment your contract won't lapse. Every cent you save is protected by the Government of Canada.

53LA 3MT

FREE 3 BIG PACKETS T&T SEEDS

1 PACKET EACH OF GOLDEN MIDGET CORN · UNWIN DWARF DAHLIA · CUTHBERTSON SWEET PEAS

BIG CASH CONTEST Plus 1953 T&T SEED DIGEST

Just clip this advt. and mail with name and address to T&T SEEDS WINNIPEG MANITOBA DEPT. MX1

Canada's Earliest, Hardiest Vegetables, Fruits and Flowers

me by the arm and told me to come with him. And I put my hand on my head and shewed him my hand which was covered with blood. He took some handfuls of snow and he washed off my head and he did that two or three times. Then a policeman blew his whistle and he left me and I went to Dr. Dalcourt."

Roland Beland works at The Lenieseville Pulp Company. "I had a chance to get my brother-in-law a job where I work so I left my home which is in the west end of the town at 8.05 a.m. so I could get over to his place in plenty of time to get him up. I was just crossing Notre Dame when I saw four police coming toward me from St. Martin. The first one asked me where I was going and I said I was going to get my brother-in-law. A second policeman came up and he said 'You are a — like the others and you're going to get a bat like them too, you —.' Then he hit me on the head and I fell down. I asked them not to hit me but to take me to my brother-in-law so I could prove I was telling the truth. They told me to go ahead and when I turned they hit me again with a bat and I fell on my knees. They kicked me in the back and then in the side and then I guess they left me there. I couldn't see for the blood in my eyes and then my brother found me and took me to the Syndicate hall. They wiped the blood off my face and took me to Dr. Marchand's. Then they took me to the hospital in Three Rivers, but I fell asleep on the way and I didn't wake up until 7.30 that evening. I was asleep from 9.30 in the morning."

Lucien Fortin remembers that he was in a nearby yard when Benoit was reading the Riot Act. "I tried to listen but he was too far away. There were about eight policemen at the gate of the yard and I was afraid to pass them. I thought that when he was finished reading they would give me a few minutes to go home. But as soon

CANADIANECDOTE



Always a Wolfe at the Door

STANDING in a niche above a door of a building at St. John Street and Palace Hill, Quebec City, you can see a statue of General Wolfe which has a sentimental place in the lore of the ancient city.

When the British took Quebec the niche held a statue of St. John the Baptist. Wolfe's men were mostly Scottish Presbyterian and the owner of the building, fearing trouble, removed the saint. The niche stood empty until a butcher, George Hipps, bought the property.

Hipps had a wooden statue of General Wolfe carved by two French sculptors and placed in the recess. He also had a clause written into the deed of the property stipulating that a statue of the general should always stand there.

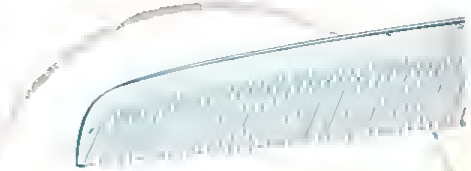
In 1858 the statue vanished. Years later a large packing case was delivered to the mayor's office and the mystery was solved. Midshipmen from The British frigate Inconstant had stolen the statue for a lark, had taken it aboard ship and sailed off with it to Bermuda. Wolfe was uncrated and went back to his niche from where for fifty years he watched two generations of citizens walk beneath his out-thrust arm.

At the beginning of the present century city inspectors found the statue rotting and ready to fall. It was removed, treated and given a warm resting place in the library of the Literary and Historical Society. It is there today.

In accordance with the deed of old Hipps another statue of Wolfe now occupies the same niche.—*Herbert L. McDonald.*

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay $50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Get the right electric shaver and you'll get close shaves!



Just like a comb, the New Schick "20's" exclusive Bevelled Comb Edges guide whiskers into perfect position for skin-line shaving.



NO MATTER what your shaving method, no matter how great your skill, there's only one way to get really *close* shaves with comfort.

Keen, clean steel must meet your whiskers at skinline!

The New Schick "20" makes sure that it does, as no other shaver can—quickly, easily, surely—and with nary a nick cut or scrape.

The reasons are many—born of Schick's greater experience. Schick's insistence on perfection. But let's start where better shaves start:

The New Schick "20's" scientifically shaped heads have tiny Bevelled Comb Edges. No other shaver has them, nor can match the way they line up whiskers for shaving right smack at the base!

It's the same everywhere on your face a whisker may grow—even in those mean little places around nose, lips and chin. For the "20's" heads are just the right size to glide in anywhere. Powered by a real rotary motor—mightiest of its size in all the world—it leaves nothing in its path but clean, happy skin!

That's why, from the moment you snap its handy Stop Start Button, the New Schick "20" shaves you faster, closer, gentler. No wonder more men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make!

See the New Schick "20" now at any Schick Electric Shaver Dealer's, or any Schick Electric Shaver Shop. And note that you can buy it for yourself—or as a gift—on the No-Risk 10-Day Trial Plan, described below.

NO-RISK 10-DAY TRIAL PLAN!

The New Schick "20" in saddle-stitched Cadiz Case is only $25.95. The New Schick "Colonel," with many features of the "20," is only $22.95. Ask for either on 10 days' trial. If—in 10 days, you—or the man you gave it to—aren't delighted with its close, comfortable shaves—return it and *every penny will be instantly refunded.*

New Schick "20"

—better-built for closer shaves

MORE MEN USE SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

YOU WILL RUMEMBER

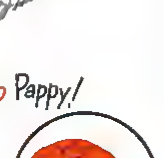


Black Diamond has sailed the Seven Seas in British ships since Nelson's time. From the Royal Navy the popularity of this fine rum has spread through every walk of life... everywhere.



Make it snappy with the Red Cap Pappy!

Everything ends on a happy note when you serve Carling's new Red Cap Ale. Its NEW, LIGHTER ALE TASTE adds to your good times — no wonder more and more people are joining in the chorus for Red Cap—



CARLING'S

NEW Red Cap Ale



as he brushed they came at me with their billyclubs raised. When I saw them coming toward me I thought they were going to kill me. I ran toward the veranda but just when I reached it I turned and saw three police right behind me. One was in khaki. He hit me with a stick and I fell in the arrow. Then the two police in blue hit me on the head with their sticks. I put my hands up to protect my head and an arm blow broke my nose. One police took me by the arm and pulled me to my feet and kicked me in the road. They hit me again in the back with their sticks and I fell again on the road. Someone kicked me while I was lying there, and then someone lifted me in the head with their sticks. I put my hands up to protect my head and an arm blow broke my nose. One police took me by the arm and pulled me to my feet and kicked me in the road. They hit me again in the back with their sticks and I fell again on the road. Someone kicked me while I was lying there, and then someone lifted me in my feet. I walked a little then kicked back and saw Lieutenant Curtain. He brought me in the patrol wagon and I asked to be taken to the doctor. Dr. Marchand wiped the blood off my head and nose and he sent me to the hospital to have my nose fixed. I was in the hospital seven days.

Phyllis Beaudoin has a cleaning and pressing business and does quite a lot of work for the provincial police in that respect. He is not overly sympathetic to the strikers' cause, but is known as a very stubborn man. He says: "I got up at 7:30 a.m., as I didn't know anything about the Riot Act. When I came to work my employees said there had been some trouble at Arbor Hall so I went over. There were quite a few injured men and I helped them into Dr. Marchand's. Rock Dupuis wanted to go to his girl friend's home but he was afraid that the police would beat him up so I told him to jump in the back of the car and I would drive him over. My little son was in the back too. When we got as far as St. Martin Street I saw a lot of police and I guess I got flustered. I told Dupuis to duck down and we would try to pass. We would have, only my car splashed a policeman and I had to stop. I told him that I would clear his uniform, but that went as far as I got. There were eight of them and they opened the door of the car and pulled me out by the hair. They beat me up good and they knew I was no striker. I had no real contact with the police and he saw me. He knows me. They arrested me and took me to Montreal but they let me go finally at 9:30 in the evening, after I had gotten through to Gutmann Curan. I won't forget that.

Rock Dupuis tells the same story as Beaudoin and adds a few more details: "The police pushed us both and I think Beaudoin got the worst for he was bleeding all over. Someone said to stop hitting us as other people were watching. Inside the mill the nurse tried to patch Beaudoin up and that is when I really got mine. They took turns punching me. I recognized one but I didn't know the others. I got two black eyes. Sergeant Tupin took our names, and addresses and ordered us in the patrol wagon. Three police men gave me a punch in the mouth and said: 'What are you making faces at me for?' On the second trip of the patrol wagon he hit me in the eye. There were only two stops.

The unfortunate story went on during the day. Marcel Lebrun, who works as a civil servant in the Unemployment Insurance office, was on his way to Mass. He was on the corner of Notre Dame and St. Laurent when he says he heard a thud. He saw a policeman on the other side of the street and another man coming toward him. He stepped and the policeman came up and said: "You must run and run very fast." With that he hit Lebrun a blow and Lebrun turned and ran toward the church. Another blow or the blow staggered him—Lebrun says. He cried out: "Give me a chance." I don't know anything short of that. When he reached the church and ran inside. The police did not follow him.

Evelina Lacombe, is a tiny man crippled with a long intrigue face. He is in his fifties and he suffers from asthma. He is a striker and he came in the hall when the arrests ended. He joined the parade but had to drop out before they reached the textile plant because of his asthma. He turned to go home he says and was about half way down Notre Dame toward St. Laurent when he heard a policeman call: "Hi hi. Get home." The next thing he knew he says he was being hit over the head with a stick. He put up his hand to protect his head and his finger was slashed by a billy. When I saw it several weeks later it was still swollen to twice its normal size. He was lucky he thinks for a whistle sounded, and the police, irritated and ran in another direction.

And so the tale of violence and terror spelled itself out. I talked to bystanders who like Bellarmin Hemond confirmed the strikers' version of the affair at least in its general outlines. Paul Savard, who runs a candy and magazine store across from the union hall, saw the fateful snowballs that triggered the shooting at Dumas. He saw the strikers being kicked and beaten as they were pushed down the stairs of the union hall. Most "neutral" members of the community are profoundly sympathetic to the strikers. Bellarmin Hemond, a merchant says: "Seventy percent of my trade is with the families of strikers. I carry them in my mind. I can tell you that I have just been in march in the banks as I had this time last year. I am at the limit of my resources. If the strike isn't settled it will be too bad for everyone."

Too bad for the typical striker like Hermidas Chevalier who is thirty-four, has nine children between the ages of three months and thirteen years. He draws strike pay of fifteen dollars per week plus a voucher for thirteen dollars and a food package that contains between eight and ten dollars worth of groceries. At that, he is little worse off than he was at the plant before the strike where he was making thirty-three dollars for a week of fifty-five hours. Because of layoffs due to slackness in the industry, he sometimes drew as little as sixteen dollars a week in 1951.

Hermidas Chevalier is better off than some strikers with fewer mouths to feed. A single man draws five dollars a week in strike pay plus a voucher for two dollars and a food parcel worth about three dollars and fifty cents. Marriage rates him an additional one dollar for his wife, a voucher worth four dollars and a food parcel worth perhaps five or six dollars. For each child he gets another dollar strike pay, an additional dollar on the voucher, and a dollar or two more in food.

Many strikers have found other jobs. The union estimates that nearly have returned to work, two hundred have found jobs elsewhere and that there are still four hundred drawing strike pay. The strike has cost the town something like a million dollars in direct provincial and the merchants, like Bellarmin Hemond, feel rather completely intended to their credit or heavily in debt to the bank. If the strike peters out from exhaustion very little of the money brought into the town by the textile company will stay there for the majority of the workers at the plant now come from the surrounding countryside and they are not welcome in Louiseville.

As this article went to press the strike was still in progress and threatened to fan out into a province wide general strike of the Catholic syndicates. Like many others who have seen that era in nearly all strikes there is some justice on both sides. Monseigneur Denault was predicting that unless a settlement came soon. Nothing but ruin faces Louiseville.

Beyond the blood and fears and bitterness that one fact at least, is no longer subject to dispute. ★

Here's the ONLY cough drop...



...REALLY MEDICATED

with throat-soothing ingredients of famous Vicks VapoRub plus other medications.

All of these special ingredients are combined in every Vicks Cough Drop to bring soothing relief from coughs, husky, irritated throats of colds or smoking.

THAT'S WHY THEY'RE SO EFFECTIVE!

FREE! 10 HITLER STAMPS!



10 SCARCE STAMPS ALL DIFFERENT SENT FREE

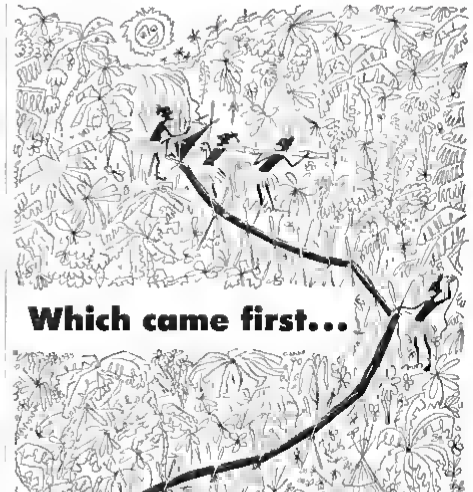
TO SECURE NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST

MAIL coupon at once. We'll send you this last century set of 10 Hitler stamps. Different mint values. NO COST TO YOU. Stamps were issued by third Reich ruler of Bohemia Moravia. Much sought after. Now becoming SCARCE. Our supply is limited. Don't ask for more than one set. We'll also include other interesting offers for your inspection—FREE. FREE copy of our helpful, informative book How to Collect Stamps.

This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon—so rush coupon with 10c to cover postage handling NOW to Littleton Stamp Co. Dept. 2-MCL Littleton New Hampshire

Littleton, Stamp Co.
Dept. 2-MCL Littleton, New Hampshire
Send me FREE the ten Hitler stamps and informative booklet How To Collect Stamps. I enclose 10c to cover postage handling.

Name
Address
City Prov.



Which came first...



pipe or progress?

Ever since hollow bamboo canes were first joined together to make "pipe", civilization's progress has been retold through the centuries in improvements in pipe-making technique.

The higher a nation's standard of living, the more pipe it has demanded.

Keeping pace with Canada's own great industrial development, Page-Hersey has steadily expanded its production capacities. In its mills at Welland, huge machines as long as city blocks turn out increasing miles of pipe as fast as steel can be obtained for its manufacture.

102

PAGE-HERSEY TUBES, LIMITED

100 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO • LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF STEEL PIPE IN CANADA





At home or away

There is nothing to equal "Black & White" whether enjoyed at home or away. This special blend of fine Scotch whiskies has a quality which puts it distinctly in a class of its own.

BUCHANAN'S
'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment to the late King George VI — Scotch Whisky Distillers — James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

Distilled, Blended and Bottled in Scotland
AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS SIZES

How the New American Government Will Affect Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Taft's outburst had immediate effects.

"Durkin's best friend in Senator Taft's other man remarked sardonically. "If it hadn't been for Taft, Durkin would have been as obscure in the cabinet as he was in the labor movement. Now the two labor factions have closed ranks around Durkin and they'll back him to the hilt. Taft put Durkin on the map."

To that extent the Durkin appointment helped to unify the nation and sealed labor's pledge to co-operate with the new regime. The unanswered question is: What did it do to the Republican Party? What did it do to Congress and to the relationship between Congress and the White House?

A ranking Republican senator on Eisenhower men from away back told me quite frankly that the Administration had started off on the wrong foot on Capitol Hill. "Even before we took office," he said, "quite a few important senators had their noses out of joint.

"It isn't that we want to dominate the Administration or dictate appointments, but we do want to know what's going on. If precedents for a given job is going to be ignored, I feel we ought to be told. We want to be right in over our own faces by ringing up the guy who didn't get the job and telling him why."

"Another thing: we politicians don't always choose ward bosses, you know. We like to get good men too, and sometimes we know more about it than the Administration. In my own state, for instance, they were all set to appoint a man who looked all right on paper, but I knew the guy and I knew he wouldn't do. I happened to hear about it before the announcement was made and the appointment didn't go through, but some of the other fellows haven't been that lucky."

I asked him whether this was a result of political inexperience, or whether the Administration was deliberately setting out to show who was boss.

"In most cases, pure inexperience," he replied. "If you ask them they will tell you it was never anything else. However, if you're writing a dope story I think you could fairly say that there might have been some element of deliberate intent in the case of Taft."

Senator Taft is a very powerful figure on Capitol Hill. Most of the Republican senators and congressmen were Taft men at the Republican convention and among those who backed Eisenhower several openly admitted they'd rather have Taft but they'd be ruined if win. It was perhaps necessary for the Administration to have a showdown with Taft right at the start.

On the other hand there is reason to believe Taft is a less powerful man now than he was this time last year.

Some years ago the late Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg, father of the bipartisan foreign policy made a great speech in the Senate on behalf of international co-operation. It was followed by a vote in which Vandenberg's side won by a narrow margin. A reporter congratulated the aged statesman on this triumph of oratorical persuasion.

"Vandenberg smiled. "I didn't persuade a single man," he said. "Some voted with me whose own opinion would have taken them the other way, but they didn't do that because of rhetoric. They voted my way because they weren't quite sure but what I'd be the Republican presidential candidate next election."

A year ago every Republican in Congress whether he favored it or not had to reckon with the probability that Taft would be the Republican candidate. Today if it is clear that he will never play that role. The logic that once favored Taft now favors Eisenhower.

The same qualification applies for slightly different reasons, to a number of senators and congressmen with reactionary voting records. Many, perhaps a majority, are Republicans first and last. They voted against Democratic bills because they were Democratic, and would vote in favor of the same bills provided they were Republican. Southern Democrats like Harry Byrd of Virginia could afford to defy the Roosevelt-Truman Administration because they were invincible at home. Few Republicans can feel equally independent of Eisenhower who ran ahead of his party in virtually every state.

And there is, of course, you have the biggest reason for the new cheerfulness about the Republican regime. Out of the fogs and mists of campaign unitary the distortions and refractions of expediency have re-emerged the record, the personality and the strength of President Eisenhower himself.

Eisenhower already is committed to the ideal of international co-operation. Contrary to some early reports just after he came home from Europe he has a firm and clear grasp of the measures economic as well as political that are required to achieve this goal.

Meanwhile he has dealt with Pakistan, say he is impatient of detail but has a rare gift for singling out the essential. Shortly before Christmas he and Dulles visited United Nations in New York. The Indian resolution on repatriation of Korean war prisoners was still being debated.

Dulles, commanding avowed intimate knowledge of the subject and of every stage in the debate. He favored the resolution in principle but had some doubts about this sentence or that paragraph.

Eisenhower knew little of these details and cared less. He said merely: "It's a good idea and we ought to accept it. We must keep India on our side."

This was precisely the point which Canadian delegates had been urging on their American friends for weeks. So they were happy to hear it from the President-elect. And they were told it was typical of Eisenhower's approach to a problem.

In the whole field of foreign policy and foreign aid Eisenhower played too great a role in the making of present policy to emerge now as its destroyer. Changes will be an emphasis rather than in substance.

We think we can give other nations the help they really need with less money — a surer Republican and — we are Europe, a couple of years ago, read the American agencies were filling over each others feet. They had hundreds of people on staff and all of them from stenographers up were living like kings and queens.

"I think Harold Stassen (new Mutual Security Administrator) will be able to clear that up and save a tremendous amount. Of course he'll take a real hard look at the programs themselves too. But I don't think anything of real worth is going to be thrown overboard."

That may be some what over-cheerful but the fact is that foreign aid would have shrunk anyway, whichever party had won the election. President Truman put President Eisenhower's name to the new budget to Congress last month. Two or three weeks before he had received a report from his own Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer which recommended immediate reduction and early termination of economic aid in allies.

Some types of aid may even be increased by the Republican regime. Wackie before the Republican convention Eisenhower told a friend that if he were elected he would do something to help the French in Indo China. He knew France couldn't stand the drain





GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

By Harry Mace



MACLEAN'S

What a fantastic figure!

NEXT ISSUE!

In the eighth of his picture essays for Maclean's

YOUSUF KARSH

turns his talented camera on our largest and perhaps most interesting city

MONTREAL

SEE MACLEAN'S MARCH 1 — ON SALE FEB 25



*with new exclusive

Smith-Corona PAGE GAGE

Page after page of typing is done without effort or fatigue and with less errors too. The Smith Corona has a new speed and ease of operation that leaves secretaries (and bosses) amused. Page Gage alone saves retyping hundreds of pages a month. And three new more advanced features on the all new Smith Corona that will save time, step-up production — and make your typists job happier.

Ask for a complete demonstration of all the time-saving features on the all new Smith-Corona Office Machine.

Smith-Corona
Office Typewriters

L. C. SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS of Canada Limited Toronto Ontario

Makers also of famous Smith-Corona Portable Typewriters, Adding Machines, Visible Typewriters, Carbons and Ribbons.



Relieve the PRESSURE of Neuralgic Pain!

● When the tense, pressing agony of neuralgic pain strikes, you want relief in a hurry. And here's a way that you can get it—*quickly and effectively*.

Doctors generally will tell you that neuralgic pain may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local spots become tender and swollen. Then tortured nerves feel as simply *must* have relief.

You can get blessed relief—*fast*—by rubbing Absorbine Jr. on the sore, swollen areas.

Absorbine Jr. actually helps to *counteract* the pressure which may be causing your misery. At the same time it warms and soothes those throbbing pain spots. The speed with which it works will amaze you.

Used by thousands

Thousands rely on Absorbine Jr. for lasting relief from neuralgic and rheumatic pain and from sore, aching muscles.

Before the next attack of neuralgic pain—get Absorbine Jr. Only $1.25 a long lasting bottle at all druggists.

W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal



W. F. Young, Inc.
Lyman House, 256 St. Paul St. W., Montreal
Please send me a free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

DIP IF YOU DARE

The school desk kind supplies abodes
For crickets, caterpillars, toads
The contents of the ones in banks
Perhaps are meant for patching tanks,
And what post offices provide! —
It's better not to look inside
Indeed, I'll never see, I think,
An inkwell that contains just ink

P. J. BLACKWELL

of that likely inglorious war much larger sh. must have U. S. help in greater volume than she had it so far.

On the purely economic side Eisenhower and his ex-posers are striving for the inauguration of perhaps the removal of trade restrictions. They very probably be much more interested in that European than selves will like. But it hasn't that year to rolled upon for a reasonable turnaround of consistency. They will do what they are to keep U. S. tariffs from going sky high at the very time they are exhorting Europe to wipe them out altogether.

The big question mark about the Eisenhower regime refers not so much to the practicalities of foreign policy as to the budgetary problem at home.

Eisenhower pledged to balance the budget and cut taxes. In that order. Whether Congress will allow him to observe that priority remains to be seen. A number of special taxes enacted after the Korean War broke out will die in the calendar year 1953 unless Congress passes new laws extending them. Excess profits taxation which Republicans especially dislike will expire June 30. A post-Korean increase in eleven percent in personal income tax expires Dec. 31 and Republican politicians know they can hardly wipe out excess profits tax without doing something for the individual taxpayer too.

On opening day bill went into the congressional hopper to make the personal income tax increase expire June 30 along with excess profits tax. Author of the bill was Daniel Reed, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee where all tax laws originate.

These expiring taxes, plus the equally temporary increase in corporation tax now bring $75 billion to the U. S. Treasury. The U. S. deficit for the current fiscal year will be about nine billions. Thus, if Congress lets existing war taxes die Eisenhower will have to reduce spending by at least $16 billion to balance the budget.

John Taber, the economy-minded Old Guardsman who chairs the House Appropriations Committee, sees no reason why it can't be done. "I am satisfied," he said, "that we could save four to six billions that are now being wasted in the armed services' purchasing system. Why do you know there are ninety-three ordnance districts in the army alone, each with a big staff of officers, each doing its own buying — often against each other?"

Taber also points to the swollen personnel of the U. S. government service. Two thousand State Department people, serving in a group of countries which have, two hundred people in it, retired here.

Most of all Taber looks at the huge volume of unexpended funds in the defense program which now totals something more than one hundred billions for goods ordered but not delivered. The actual housekeeping of the armed services, pay and allowances, clothing, food and services runs to only five or six billions. It would be simple to balance the budget in paper now year simply by cutting out a few billion dollars worth of stuff that can't be produced within twelve months anyway and Taber is visibly tempted to do just that.

The catch is, of course, that the money is taken out of the budgetary pipeline and would have to be shifted later. Strike planning and stable budgeting would become impossible. Joseph Dodge, the ex-banker who is Eisenhower's Director of the Budget, has already warned Americans not to expect any "rabbit out of the hat" miracles.

But behind the arithmetic of the 1953-54 budget there lies a problem of sights. The X in the equation is the great unknown, is the level of the American economy in 1954.

Suppose for the sake of argument that Eisenhower finds a way to carry out his promise immediately and hands over the budget without penalizing the armed services. Presumably that would mean the greater removal of sixteen billions from the total volume of U. S. investment. Some economists, even Republican economists, fear that this would precipitate a business recession of considerable magnitude. That in turn would cut federal revenues and create a bigger deficit than ever.

All Western countries are exposed to this threat nowadays, because all depend heavily on income tax. Canada gets more than half her federal revenue from personal and corporation income taxes which of course would shrink like an April snowbank in a depression. But the United States is the most vulnerable country in the world in this respect. No less than slightly three percent of all U. S. revenue comes from income tax compared to forty-eight percent before the war.

This alone is enough to make Republican planners exceedingly careful about sudden and drastic changes in American policy. Even foreign still vulnerable this year under any administration is our essential support to some major foreign customers, what would happen to certain American producers if these markets were abruptly cut off. Wise Republicans want no error before anything irremediable is done.

For the one thing Republicans fear above everything, else is another Republican depression. The last one kept them out of power for twenty years. Another they feel once would ruin them forever. At all costs they intend to keep the ever-may running at full blast with full employment high floor prices for farmers and all the rest of it.

If this should mean continuation of Democratic policies and the postponement of Republican ideals, Republican politicians will be distressed. But not so distressed that they will consciously—wilfully upset any applecarts. ★



STAMMERING





WIT AND WISDOM

BEDTIME BLUES By the time junior is tucked in at night mother is hardened and *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*

TOWN TOPICS A small town is where everybody knows whose cheque is good and whose husband isn't. *Almira (Ont.) Signet.*

EXPERT PASSERS The provinces place more high grade highways. What's really needed are more high-grade drivers. *Oshawa (Ont.) Times-Gazette.*

COSTLY COUGH A young girl's ideal is cruelly shattered, says a writer. Maybe he's just broke. *Rouyn-Noranda (Que.) Press.*

RAT RACE The everyday walk of life is now a sprint for security. *Vancouver Province.*

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA We hear the old-fashioned family doctor has disappeared. Probably eloped with the old-fashioned girl. *Sudbury Star.*

POOR PITCH Often, it seems, some of the hit songs should have been missed. *Calgary Herald.*

COVERED GIRLS Beauty may be only skin deep but on some women it's half an inch thick. *Kitchener-Waterloo Record.*

MIGHTY MITES The only males who know how to handle women are still in the cradle. *Brandon (Man.) Sun.*

TOMING THE ENDEWS A movie star was declaring his love to his prospective sixth wife. "But I've heard some awful stories about you dear," said the girl.

"Don't worry about that," he replied. "They're just old wives' tales." *Saint John Telegraph-Journal.*

NAKED TRUTH The teacher had rapped for attention and asked the First Graders: "Can any of you tell me the functions of the skin?"

"I can," volunteered one small boy. "It's to stop me from looking raw." *Toronto Challenge.*

PAY AS YOU GO A Scot traveling to London on a slow train roused the curiosity of his fellow passengers when he left his compartment at each stop. Inspired into the station until rushed back to take his seat before the train pulled out. Finally one ordered the reason.

"It's my heart," explained the Scot. "Doctor says I may drop off at any time so I'm buying tickets from station to station." *The Guardian of the Gulf, Charlottetown.*

LUCKY STIFF Two gangsters were escorting a member of a rival gang across a lonely field on a dark rainy night.

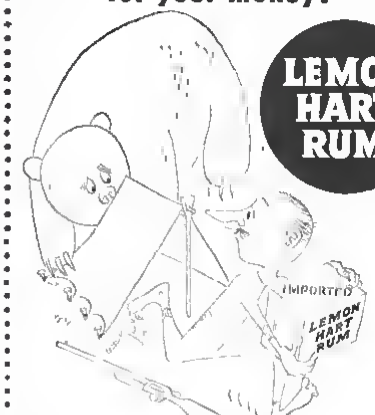
"What rats you guys are," groaned the doomed one, making me walk through a rain like this."

"How about us," growled the escort. "We gotta walk back." *Moose Jaw Times-Herald.*

JASPER **By Simpkins**



HAVE A Good Rum for your money!



LEMON HART RUM

Britain's Finest Imported

If you're dyeing to save—



Save MORE with ALL-FABRIC TINTEX

Save more than ever on all your dyeing with the new economy size package of All-Fabric Tintex. You get 2½ ounces for only 25¢—the best dye value in Canada!

Choose from 31 fashionable shades at drug department and variety stores. Also COLOUR REMOVER and WHITE-X—the wonder bluing.

All-fabric TINTEX WORLD'S 10 MOST SELLING TINTS AND DYES 15¢ size 25¢ size



BIG ONES BITE IN B.C.

That's the way they turn on British Columbia the land of all-out fishing where record-sized salmon abound and every beautiful mountain breed. Spend a vacation in the outdoors this year and fill splendours of Canada's evergreen playground. Write for full information about special winter rates, etc. today.

British Columbia Government Travel Bureau
Victoria B.C. Canada

Visit BRITISH COLUMBIA





HOW much money do you want? And when do you want it . . . in six . . . ten . . . fifteen years from now?

Let's assume that you want an extra $5,000 by 1963. With an Investors Syndicate Plan, you save a certain amount regularly over the years. During that time, the steadily mounting benefits of compound interest and prudent investment combine to make your savings grow. When your Plan matures the proceeds may be withdrawn in cash or in monthly annuity payments.

Already 90,000 Canadians have enthusiastically adopted Investors Syndicate as the right savings plan for their needs. We can help you, too! Consult your local Investors Syndicate representative or write for information.

Save it now . . .
Let it grow . . .
Enjoy it later . . .

INVESTORS Syndicate OF CANADA LIMITED

Head Office — Winnipeg
Offices in Principal Cities

MAILBAG



Oid the Firing Squad Hit the Bull's-eye?

Sincere congratulations on the selection of The Firing Squad by Colin McDougall (Jan. 1) as No. 1 choice in the story-writing contest. It's a swell job! —Owen J. Bennett, Abbotsford, B.C.

● You've done a lot of good fiction in your day. You've never done anything better than The Firing Squad. —R. M. Erb, Ottawa.

● The whole story is just plain foolish. —H. W. Kindree, Carberry, Man.

● Best I've ever read. —J. P. Gilders, Montreal.

● I have never read anything that has left such a bad taste. —W. Bentley Cramne, Man.

● A truly well written dramatic story of our boys overseas. —Paul Prusciak, Kamloops, B.C.

● That is some mess of tripe to be awarded a prize. —C. F. Wight, Yellow Grass, Sask.

● I was very pleased to hear that David MacDonald won one of the big cash prizes (second prize, Berry Picking Last Run, Jan. 15). I knew from the quality of his first story, Bluenose in Toronto (July 1, 1952), that he would be a winner someday. I see by his photo that he has lookin on well as brains a very nice combination. —Ben Clark, Willows, Sask.

● Sir Gilbert and the Knightlighter (Dec. 15) is one of the cleverest bits of whimsy I have read in a long while. Praises to Jacob Ray for his rollicking tale and heartiest thanks to Len Norris for his illustration. —Jeannine Dawson, New York, N.Y.

The Shadow of the Censor

I am heartily in agreement with your editorial on TV censorship (Jan. 1). The censorship of movies here is nothing short of fantastic.

Whoever you erred when you said that Saskatchewan banned the picture Snake Pit. All they did was add a foreword stating that conditions in the film were not prevalent in Sask. hospitals. —J. L. Hamilton, Montreal.

● My full support to your recent editorial on TV censorship. —H. Warburton, Riverbend, Que.

● I am against all forms of censorship, and I realize that too many gentlemen of the cloth are all too eager to tell us what is good or bad for us; these self-appointed moralists must not be allowed to have their way. —Jean Munro, Saskatoon.

Jane in Jeopardy

Allow me to congratulate you on the article by Barbara Moon, The Wind That Brings Jane in January (Jan. 1). I was of course familiar with the chinook but had never seen an adequate description and explanation. I have referred it to several friends who have always been inclined to be a bit sceptical of the tall stories told about chinook winds. —J. Ross Palmer, Ottawa.

● I should like to draw your attention to a most curious coincidence. In Barbara Moon's essay a caption competent with illustrations, proclaims: "A favorite chinook yarn tells of a winter traveler who tied his horse to a post in the snow and bedded down. When the chinook thaw came the man awoke to find his horse hanging from the Morley steeple."

Now it so happens that the very same incident, excepting the name of the village as described in Narrative of Munchhausen's Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia (Oxford Press, 1785). —John R. Kehr, Ottawa.

And all the time we thought it was Bennett Cerf.

The Vanishing Mole

The conclusions of Dr. Berrill's article, Is the Male Really Necessary? (Jan. 1) are entirely upside down, but they all point to the fact that the human male *is* the species. He has



of late gone much too far in making himself the humble servant of women and his aims. —R. W. Harvest, Toronto.

The Not-so-secret Nightmare

Congratulations to Maclean's for a daring article, The Secret Nightmare of Europe (Jan. 1). I'd go a bit further and say that the tension isn't due so much to the presence of Russia as to American reaction to the presence of Russia. It's high time for Canada to throw off her mantle of a blushing maiden and get down to brass tacks. —J. Gunn, Bellaville, Ont.

The Man Who Shot Santa

I would like to congratulate you on Fred Bodsworth's article, Look What We've Done to Christmas (Dec. 15). It was splendid, as good that our minister referred to it in his sermon. —William Forbes, Wyoming, Ont.

● I would suggest that you go one more yard and compile the number of people employed in industries producing spermatines, jewelry liquors, post cards etc. and do not overlook the dead railway and bus coaches brought back to life to handle Christmas traffic that have to be manned by people on special pay rolls whose families enjoy Christmas more because of the beggars who ride on horseback at Christmas time. —M. Reed Walkerton, Ont.

The Transparent Orillians

Orillians read with special interest and appreciation Trent Frayne's excellent Flashback, The Fratch Jester of McGill (Jan. 1). Their fellow townsman Stephen Leacock

As to the argument as to whether the characters in Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town were caricatures of living Orillians, Mr. Frayne says: Leacock always denied it. In a letter in Mr. George Ripley Bunting of Oakville, in September 1943, on the death of the uncle after whom Bunting was named), Leacock wrote:

> George Ripley of Orillia was for many years one of my best friends. When I wrote my Sunshine Sketches as a serial story in the Montreal Star (1911) I put George in under the name of George Ripley. This and many of the other names were less transparent such as Judge John McCaw for John McClash, etc. A lawyer friend of mine, Mr. Tudhope of Orillia, now Judge Tudhope, wrote me a mock-injured remonstrance to see me for libel against these people. It was only in fun, but it led the publishers to think it was wiser to alter the names, so in the book edition they are changed and George Ripley appears under the harmless name of Mullins.

That should settle the argument for good and all. —C. H. Bain, Orillia, Ont.

Kurah's Canada

In regard to your series of Kurah photographs, and particularly your Mailbag of Jan. 1, I wish to differ with those who put the emphasis in Kurah's eye. I would like to differ most heartily with Mr. Gordon Sinclair. I for one am getting quite tired of having my eyes and ears assaulted at every turn by Mr. Sinclair's dissenting opinions. Perhaps his ego could afford some little attention too, when he compares his talents with the (and here I quote) "poorly formed Iranian" of that great champion of our own beloved country, Yousuf Karsh. —Robert Lallis, Toronto.

● Because Karsh is inclined to be eccentric with a pronounced Impressionistic point of view it is to be regretted that thousands of ordinary readers should have this ultramodern misinformation imposed upon them. No doubt he is a clever artist, but just the same would like to know something about Canadian cities. —Allen Roy Evans, Vancouver.

● Karsh's photos of Winnipeg, Edmonton etc. were very good. I trust he will do as much or better for Toronto. It needs it. —Edmund J. Boughen, Vancouver.

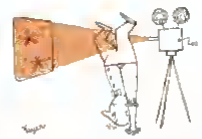
Be Kind to Uncle Sam

Allow me to quote Blair Fraser in Backstage at Ottawa (Jan. 1): "Make fewer nasty remarks about the neighbors."

It is really gratifying to know that an author of Fraser's recognized position is taking this sensible stand after the amount of nonsensical criticism we have been reading lately in Canadian newspapers of everything and anything American. —J. U. Elliott, Vancouver.

Oh, Fiddle-de-dee!

Norman McLaren's film Fiddle-de-dee (Maclean's Dec. 1) came to us in a box from the National Film Board at the public school in Yellowknife in the N.W.T. We were entirely bewildered by it. Then we realized we



had run the whole film backwards. We ran it through again properly but really couldn't tell which was fascinated us more. —Mildred Young, Sutton West, Ont.

Did Winter Wipe Out the Buffs?

Re Charles Neville's article, The Mystery of the Mighty Buffalo (Dec. 15) there is no mystery at all.

I am not exactly sure now of the year, but believe it was winter of 1882-83 when the whole western regions had an enormous snowfall. The usual grass of the buffalo was placed beyond their reach and they herded together and were engulfed.

The present site of Regina was for years known as the Pile of Bones where hundreds of these animals were trapped and died of starvation. This condition was duplicated in many places throughout the plains. —C. Fraser, Regina.

That Picture of Elinobeth

Mr. L. Brock Coleman of Warren, Ohio, in Mailbag (Dec. 15) refers to an article that he thinks should be posted in every Canadian home. He suggests that if there be an room we might *take the Queen's picture down.*

Mr. Coleman is one of that class of Americans who don't mind nothing at all of what "The Queen means." She is a symbol, an institution, an idea, an history, a product of centuries of tradition. What a foundation to learn on! And what a Queen she is to love! —Mrs. David Stewart, Winnipeg.

The Rebel on the Aisle

Must milk Clyde Gilmour call Lee Hutton Grabb Dudley Crosby Hope. Who can he see? We go to the movies to be made to laugh and forget ourselves for a while, he goes on a rabbit to see what he is looking for.

Look what people said about The Greatest Show On Earth. It didn't stay here six weeks to run theatre and three in another because we are all morons. —A. R. Bills, Edmonton. ★

HI-SUGAR NEW HYBRID TOMATO



Sugar content so high they taste like grapes, even raw. Cold hall resistant, bear red fruit perfect form, quart early. A table sensation for cocktails, preserves, garnishing. Hardy, easy to grow, bushes big, heavy bearing plant is growing up to 6 feet high, or can be staked. Packet of seeds plants often yield a bushel of ripe fruit. A fascinating novelty to grow as he is a gift. Plus of 25 seeds 35¢ postpaid.

FREE 1953 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK

DOMINION SEED HOUSE

At the First Sign of a

COLD

Take 2 Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water . . .



and feel better *FAST!*

Here's advice about colds that you'll agree is sound and effective.

No matter how you try to stop a threatening cold the first thing to do—*before your nose starts running*—is to take Aspirin.

You should do this because a cold is almost invariably accompanied by muscular aches and pains—and a headache. Aspirin relieves these feelings. And for your good you need a medication that will relieve those distressing symptoms—relieve them *quickly*.

One reason Aspirin tablets bring you this relief is that they are ready to go to work with amazing speed—actually start disintegrating almost instantly.

This Aspirin way of feeling better fast—tested and proved by millions—is now being used by more men, women and children than ever before.

So don't experiment with a cold. Use Aspirin. And for more threats give to colds, gargle 3 times daily with 3 Aspirin tablets dissolved in ½ of a glass of water. Today—get ASPIRIN—and keep it handy.

To relieve pain of colds, take

ASPIRIN

Low Prices!
Pocket box of 12 — 10¢
Economy bottle of 24 — 29¢
Family size of 100 — 79¢



BEAUTY AND VALUE BEYOND THE PRICE!



Sunshine ELECTRIC RANGES



You Can Depend on Sunshine!

SUNSHINE WATERLOO COMPANY LIMITED, WATERLOO, ONTARIO

A sharp flavour... in cheddar cheese that spreads smoothly!



Made only by KRAFT

Send for your FREE copy today

Our BIG 1953 SEED and NURSERY BOOK Best Ever!



148 Illustrated Pages 20 pages in full colour

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN . . . ONTARIO

LACO FLUORESCENT • LACO INCANDESCENT • LACO FLUORESCENT

For Better Light!



LACO LAMPS
FLUORESCENT
INCANDESCENT

Backstage at Washington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

B C but they undertook to find out. They found the U S Navy hadn't heard of him either not in Washington But eventually they tracked him down in Seattle

From Seattle it seems hundreds of U S servicemen merely sailors like to go in Vancouver for the weekend Nothing regular stationed in their command ing officer that Vancouver might dislike this rule but no point to say so He wrote in the mayor Were the boys behaving themselves? Did the city need any help keeping them in order?

The mayor went back that the boys were well behaved The city was delighted to have them and they were no trouble However if the U S Navy wanted to send over a few more patrol men to keep an eye on things they would be welcome too So the communiqué officer sent a chief petty officer to live in Vancouver and a couple of men to help him a week or so

Current affairs protest that they were not made at anybody They merely wanted to point out that the chief petty officer has no legal status in Vancouver and technically his commanding officer would have every time he makes an arrest. They also note that he is still there and welcome Washington could be less inclined to snuff out the explanation if Canada had not been so sensitive on minor occasions.

I should add that these minor irritations have not made the slightest difference in the practical everyday co operation of the two governments at the working level Consultations in Washington are customarily smeared at the friendly and helpful treatment they get from opposite numbers in the U S administration

We have never asked them for anything we didn't get said a man who works on government of strategic materials "All we have to do is file a reasonable story make a reasonable case Then they say okay you can have it and that is it We don't have to worry about getting things in writing"

A recent case in point was the Canadian decision to extend the oil pipeline that supplies Sarnia Ont through Superior Wis The project will call for twenty five thousand tons of oil pipe which is one of the critical strategic materials shortages all over the continent Canada put in the request rather late and pipe for the second quarter of 1953 had already been allocated The Canadians came down told their story to the U S petroleum people and that is all there was to it Allocations were shifted around and Canada will get her twenty five thousand tons in May

• • •

From a reporter's point of view the biggest difference between Ottawa and Washington is a pretty well symbolized by the job of going to see a politician

To see an MP in Ottawa you drop a dozen stiff cards into a mail slot in the door of his office and leave a chair If he isn't too busy to see you he comes out and calls your name. If he is busy you find him in somebody else's room or in the cafeteria having a cup of coffee.

To see a senator or a congressman you call his office and the secretary puts you through to his executive assistant. He has more often than not promises to call you back Mr Zilch is terribly busy but he will try to let you know Later she calls to say Mr Zilch will see you tomorrow at 10:30

You arrive at 10:25 At 10:40 the executive assistant comes out to apologize Mr Zilch is getting away behind schedule but it won't be long now At 11:15 you get in to see Mr Zilch and by that time two or three more people are sitting outside waiting to see him

A while ago a private study group published a report recommending that congressmen be paid much more than they would in order to keep them from resorting to such things like accepting special expense funds and so on A congressman already gets $11 000 a year plus $2 400 tax free expense allowance Canadian MPs get $8 000 plus $2 900 expenses.

A Canadian's first reaction is scornful Huh that should mean a congressman is two and a half times as honest as an MP There's no evidence of it.

After a few glimpses of congressmanship you begin to wonder How men have held seats in the House for their total time in office. Each of them keeps a four-sized staff busy nobody I interviewed had fewer than four people working in his office and the chairman of an important committee might have as many as eleven The committees themselves have professional staffs The House Appropriations Committee for instance is now hiring a dozen chartered accountants to help about twenty five clerical helpers as well as borrowing twelve good men from the Comptroller General's office

These workers are paid by the U S Treasury of course but the congressman must also maintain an office at home which he pays for himself He must do a lot of entertaining and a lot of traveling It is very hard to see why Vice President Richard Nixon or Senator Goldwater needed that extra $18 000 to represent California or she should be represented

The United States has accepted the fact that Congress is a full time job with the services of fifteen thousand a year man and seems ready to consider taking steps to make sure that he gets the whole fifteen thousand over and above all legitimate expenses. Of course they don't always get their money's worth some congressmen would be dear at fifteen hundred But Congress like Parliament doubtless often puts the worst foot forward in public There are plenty of able and distinguished men in Congress if the U S like Canada had to draw its cabinet from the legislature the talent would not look dim either And every now and then Canadians unkindly disagree Senator Taft for example or even Dulles extremely competent men whose scrutiny a wrist full of bureaucrat may well fear

Canada too has able men in parliament but in Canada we still regard politics as a part time operation We expect to get and by and large we do get men who are worth a lot more than our thousand a year The price we have to pay is that we get only part of their time and services. And that leads to a heavier load on a parliament that doesn't like itself very much and does quite seriously ill use it after a fashion

Maybe we too ought to give some thought to having a full time legislature and pay big when it takes to get the men we want to if ★



MACLEAN'S

different... the Luxury Gin



At first taste you will recognize GARRISON CLUB as something far beyond the ordinary ... a superb Dry Gin — combination of the distiller's art and the costliest ingredients — for those who appreciate life's luxuries Naturally it costs more — but once you try it, you will accept nothing less!

Garrison CLUB

DRY GIN

Another achievement by MELCHERS DISTILLERIES LIMITED
Distillers of ARISTOCRAT Real Rye Whisky—8 Years Old

M-m-m-m... Good Looking!



NO DRY SCALP*

A brush post Vaseline Hair Tonic before brushing, in combing keeps your scalp feeling, grand! Your hair looking grand! Try it! You'll like it ... and it's so economical!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK

Vaseline is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd.

It's lighter than ale It's drier than lager



Pilsen Brewery · Hürlimann, Zurich · Export Bräu, Denmark · Amstel, Holland

Kronenbourg, France · Z. U. B. Holland · Schweizerhof, Austria

Labatt's PILSENER

*The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters from seven other breweries

Look at the BACKS of the labels!

The swing is DEFINITELY to Labatt's

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE...



When Should a Guest Bring a Gift?

If you are visiting for a weekend, or for an overnight stay, it is a polite gesture to present your hostess with a simple gift such as a book or a box of candy

There is the same measure of satisfaction in using the correct stationery for your personal correspondence as there is in observing proper etiquette at all times. And Barber-Ellis Kid Finish Stationery always reflects your good taste

Illustrated below is the deluxe box of Barber-Ellis Kid Finish. Also available in smaller size boxes and in "open stock"—All priced within easy reach of your budget—



BARBER-ELLIS
KID FINISH
Stationery

Barber-Ellis
CREATORS OF FINE STATIONERY

PARADE

A NOVA SCOTIA mother boarded a crowded bus with three small children and was able to find a seat for the smallest beside a nun. In response to the mother's thanks as the family reached its destination the nun smiled and whispered: "Please don't tell your little girl I'm not really a penguin."

• • •

A scoutmaster surveying the bedroll of a young scout newly arrived at camp, came upon an umbrella and



enquired about the unmanly article. The boy looked painfully at the ground and asked: "Sir, did you ever have a mother?"

• • •

A passing truckdriver in Burlington, Ont., stopped to give two movers a hand with a piano wedged in a doorway. After working strenuously at one end for ten minutes he stopped pushing. "We're never going to get this thing into the house at this rate," he called. "You try this end."

"*Into* the house," called back a mover. "We're trying to get the darned thing out!"

• • •

Sign on a coffee bar at Redcliff, Alta.:

"If you are one of those who douse cigarettes in coffee cups, let the waitress know. She'll serve your coffee in an ash tray."

• • •

A mother in Chase River, B. C., had impressed her daughter with the mannerly gesture of leaving a small uneaten portion on her plate at meal time. With great restraint the child managed to leave a little of her favorite orange pudding. Her father, seeing it as the meal ended, reached across and spooned the pudding into his mouth. The child pinned a baleful eye on her mother.

"Mommy," she said crestfallen, "Daddy is eating my manners."

Science is moving the world ahead so fast in oil-booming Edmonton that practically no one was surprised with this theatre advertisement: LADY GODIVA PLUS SHORTS

• • •

A farmer who does most of his driving around Buckingham, Que., with its one traffic light was stopped by a red light in Hull. He pulled up, looked both ways and continued through. A policeman stopped out of nowhere. "What's the idea of going through that red light?"

"Why," replied the farmer, "we always do that in Buckingham if nobody is using the green."

• • •

A woman in Calgary was making application for a driver's license. "Do you know what it means if the driver ahead puts out a hand?" enquired the examiner.

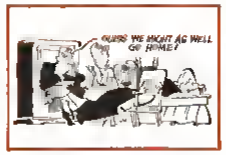
"If she's a woman," replied the applicant, "it means she's going to turn right or left, back up or stop pointing at a hatshop or admiring her ring. Or she might be—"

"What if the driver's a man?" interrupted the tolerant examiner.

"If it's a man," she smiled, "he's probably waving at a woman."

• • •

A couple invited to look at television sat down in a darkened living room after dinner with the host and hostess. As a program ended the visiting wife commented on it but drew no response. In the semi-



darkness she discovered her host was asleep, his chin on his chest. Her hostess was curled up in a deep chair asleep, and her husband was snoring softly on the couch beside her.

• • •

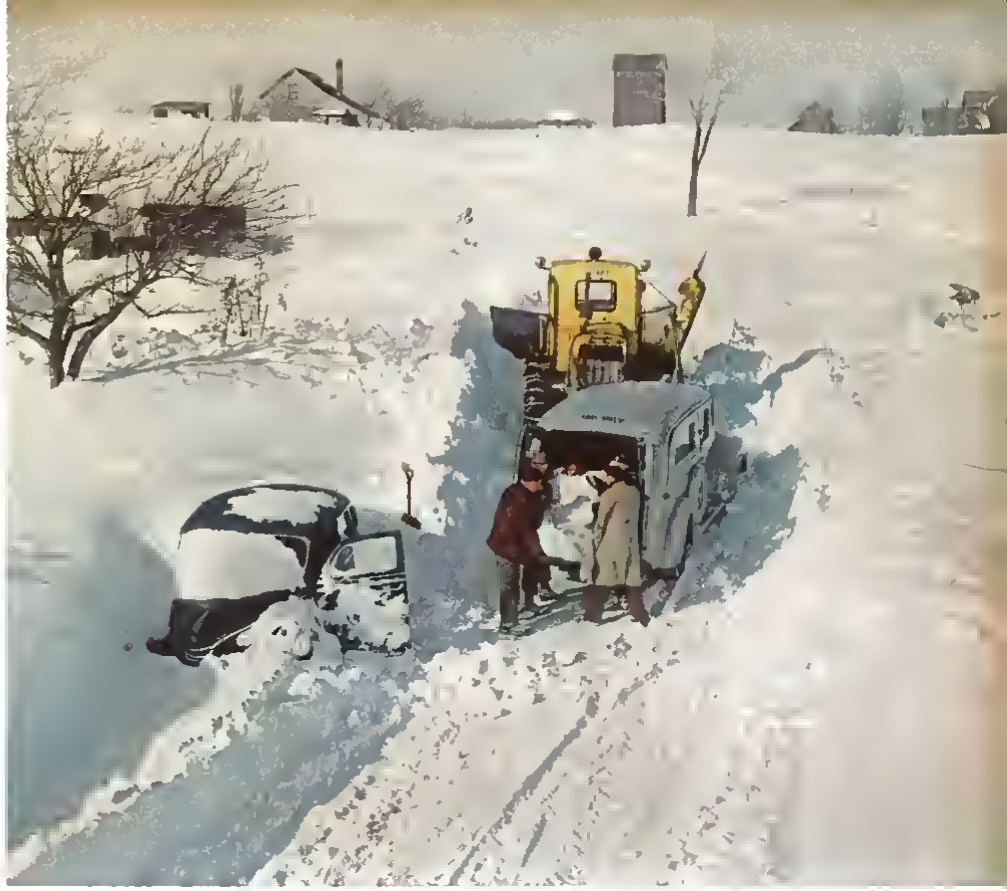
There's just too much oil being discovered near Edmonton.

"Poor man," said one Edmontonian to his friend, "he was ruined by untold wealth."

"How come?" asked the friend.

"He didn't report it in his income tax."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Blizzard victim

"You won't be able to get through tonight," the old storekeeper at the crossroads had warned him. "It's a blizzard. Better stay here. We've got a bed for you."

But he was in a hurry. No storm was going to stop him—not when he'd promised his youngsters he'd be home. So he started out.

This is where the man at the wheel of the big yellow grader found him in the morning. An emergency call brought the ambulance barreling over the recently plowed road. The doctor says he'll pull through.

The men who fight to keep our highways open all too seldom get the credit they deserve. The moment there's a storm warning, they're out on the job. They battle through bitter cold and giant drifts without rest until the last road is cleared. Partners with them in their struggle against nature are versatile Caterpillar Diesel Motor Graders.

All year around these sturdy yellow machines are the work horses of highway departments—removing snow in winter, building and maintaining roads in other seasons. Their versatility also makes them invaluable in other fields, both civilian and military. Wherever you see them at work, you see machines doing a good, honest job.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

CATERPILLAR

DIESEL ENGINES · TRACTORS
MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

WHEN YOU DRIVE OVER CLEARED ROADS, THINK OF THE BIG YELLOW MACHINES THAT HELPED OPEN THEM.

Tried it Lately? Wonderful BRAND NEW Old Dutch Outcleans 'em ALL!



Makes Tough Cleaning Jobs Easy!

Cleans with Twice the Speed—Twice the Ease! Polishes As It Cleans!



Bring on your toughest cleaning job—especially one your present cleanser can't do. Away go stubborn stains, burned-on grease, ground-in dirt—quickly, safely!

Cuts Grease Faster—Even in Hardest Water! Rinses Completely Away!



You've seen how wispy foam falls down on the job. But rich New Old Dutch suds tackle dirt, grease, grime in hard or soft water—soak them up and float them down the drain!

Gentle to Your Hands! "Fresh-Clean" Fragrance, Too!

Use wonderfully improved, snowy-white New Old Dutch—the one and only cleanser made with Activated Seismotite! Save time, steps, money—buy 2 cans. Keep New Old Dutch handy in kitchen and bath.



CUDAHY
Plus Product
VALUE TESTED AND PROVED

Made in Canada